THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beneath the Fragrant Locust's Shade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GENEVA.

Beneath the fragrant locust's shade
On fair Ohio's bank we strayed,
At sunset's magic hour. The maid
With kindling cheek and beaming eye,
Was gazing on the noble flood
Where the bright colors of the sky
In deeper, darker richness glowed;
The while her not unwilling ear
Was bent my tale of love to hear.

Upon the river's glossy breast,
In all their sunset splendor dressed,
The bending sky and verdant shore
Were imaged forth as in a pure
Gigantic mirror. All the air
Was redolent of perfumes sweet;
Fair blossoms sprung beneath our feet;
From bough to bough, from tree to tree
Songsters were flitting merrily,
Chanting their evening minstrelsy.
Our hearts were lighter than the air;
Life seemed to us divinely fair
And earth an Eden.

Now alone
I walk beneath the wintry moon
On cold Ohio's icy bank;
No sunset fire flames in the west,
Painting the river's placid breast.
The wind sweeps by me chill and dank,
And through the leafless locust tree
It sighs and murmurs mournfully.
No birds from bough and leaf-hid nest
Pour forth their songs. From verdant bowers
There comes no scent of lovely flowers.
The dead earth, cold and ghastly white
Lies in her snowy winding sheet,
While o'er her the pale stars of night
Keep mournful watch. Oh maiden sweet,
Who 'neath the fragrant locust's shade
With me at summer sunset strayed,
Thou too, as cold, as ghastly white,
Art sleeping in thy shroud to-night!
As paled that sunset's gorgeous light,
So pleasure from my heart has fled;
Life is a dreary winter night,
For hope is gone since thou art dead.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XV.

WARNINGS AND PRECAUTIONS.

"Then you really do assure me that all is settled?" said Cora, as we somehow found ourselves conversing alone together, on that eventful evening, near the hour at which I was to take my departure.

"Yes, I really do assure you, my dear Cora, that we exchanged apologies, and finally parted seeming friends."

"And were you not friends in *truth* as well as *seeming*?"

"Now, my little pet, you ask a question that is so hard to answer. If it were given me to look into the heart of every one I meet, I could tell better whether their professions were true or false."

"But you at least know what your own feelings were, Leslie?"

"Well, then, I felt no unkindness toward Captain Sebastian or his daughter when I left them."

"And still feel none, Leslie?"

"Why, how inquisitive you are on this subject, dear Cora!"

"Too much so, perhaps," she blushed; "but somehow I cannot get it out of my mind that there will be trouble between you and Captain Sebastian yet."

"Why should you think so?"

"I do not know—a kind of presentiment perhaps."

"Oh, you must not let your fancies run away with your good common sense! You have no more reason to suppose I shall again quarrel with Sebastian, than with your father, or Ernest, or any one else."

"I hope you are right," she sighed, "but I cannot help my fears."

"Do you then *fear* for me?" I asked, in a low, tender tone, looking fondly upon her sweet face and averted eyes. "Am I then so dear to you, Cora, that you tremble for my safety?"

She colored deeply, and turned her head aside, but did not reply in words. I need not have asked the question, for I felt sure of her heart; and yet I could not resist the temptation of trying to get an answer from her sweet lips.

"Dear Cora," I pursued, gently taking her trembling hand, "I have a right to speak to you now that I did not last night possess, for I have told your father all, and it is with his consent I now address you."

"Where did you leave Ernest?" she inquired, with a kind of nervous embarrassement.

"He was going to take a ride with Miss Flora."

"A ride with Miss Flora?" she repeated, in a tone of surprise, looking as if she thought I might be in jest.

"Yes, Flora wanted him to go some three or four miles, to visit an old woman in his professional capacity, and she offered to be his companion and guide."

"I do not like her!" said Cora, with a very pretty pout of her very pretty lips.

"Why?"

"I do not know; she has always treated me well; but somehow there is a something, I cannot tell what, that makes me dislike her."

"I know!" said I.

"What is it then?"

"It is that your soul is pure and truthful, and when it comes in contact with hers——"

"Nay, Leslie, you must not praise me at her expense. Though I may dislike, I must do her justice. I have no reason to think that in her soul she is not quite as pure and truthful——"

"I beg your pardon, dear Cora," I interrupted in turn; "but if you start with false premises, you cannot draw correct conclusions! If you hold so exalted an opinion of Miss Flora Sebastian as to think her pure and truthful, you and I will not agree on that subject at all."

"Have you good and sufficient reason for thinking otherwise of her?" inquired Cora, with an air of surprise.

"I have; but let that suffice; do not ask me for an explanation. Enough that your dislike is the instinctive antipathy of the lamb to the wolf!"

"Oh, Leslie, what a comparison! I am sure that Flora——"

"We are sure of nothing in this world, Cora!" I again interrupted; "and so, if you please, we will let that point rest. May I trust you with some secret advice?"

She looked at me with an air of wondering inquiry.

"With the exception of Alice," I pursued, "whom it concerns equally with yourself, you must not speak of it! For the next few days, neither you nor she must ride out by yourselves—in fact I would advise you not to leave the house at all—and should either Flora or her father chance to come over here, just treat them as you always have done, as if nothing had happened, but do not communicate a single fact concerning yourselves, your family, or your private affairs, and make no mention of having seen me!"

"What does all this mean, Leslie?" exclaimed Cora, in surprise.

"You must not question—only promise me, dear Cora—will you not?"

"You mystify me!"

"I cannot explain anything to you now, my little pet; and if you will not promise otherwise, I am at your mercy."

"Ah! here comes Alice; and as you want her promise, as well as mine, you can repeat your request and she answer for herself. This way, Alice!" she pursued, as the latter, seeing us conversing together, was about to quit the apartment she had just entered. "Dr. Walbridge has something special to say to you."

"I thought it a case where two might be company and three none!" she replied, with a smile, as she came forward and joined us.

"That state of things can never be where Miss Alice Brandon makes the third!" said I.

"Oh, you flatterer! it is no wonder you have turned the head of my poor little sister here!" she rejoined.

"Perhaps my head is no more turned than your own, or Miss Flora's!" defensively retorted Cora, with an animated blush that quite became her.

"Why do you say Miss Flora's? who or what has turned hers?" asked Alice, changing color.

"Ernest La Grange perhaps, since she has run off with him!" said Cora, quite pleased at the idea of shifting the jest from herself to her sister.

"Will you say what you mean, Miss Cora?" said Alice, with a serious air.

"Well, then, I simply mean what I say, Miss Alice!" answered Cora. "For further particulars inquire of Dr. Walbridge."

Alice turned to me with a grave look.

"Cora alludes to the fact, which I mentioned to her in answer to a question, that my friend Ernest had this afternoon taken a ride with Miss Flora Sebastian," I explained.

Alice suddenly grew pale, and her breathing quickened. I had never seen her so much moved before.

"A ride for mere pleasure?" she asked, with an effort to appear calm and indifferent.

"By no means," I answered, now glad that I could say anything to palliate the seeming offence of my friend. "His charity was first appealed to, to go in his professional capacity and see a sick woman; and next his gallantry, by the offer of Miss Flora to be his companion and guide."

"Ernest is not a practicing physician," said Alice, "and so why should he have been selected in lieu of their own family doctor? The charity part of it is all nonsense—for the amount to be paid the man of science would not have had a moment's consideration with Flora!"

"But it may have been a sudden case, and no other physician to be immediately procured!" I suggested.

"And no other guide than herself perhaps!" rejoined Alice, with a curl of her haughty lip. "Perhaps you may mistake me, Dr. Walbridge, and think I am now moved by that meanest of all the passions, petty jealousy," she pursued; "but, if I know myself, I can assert that such is not the case. I am vexed and annoyed at this occurrence, because it appears to have been deliberately planned for that purpose by one who, whatever the past may have been, I no longer regard as my friend. You know how matters stand between Ernest and myself, and therefore I speak freely. As my *friend*, Flora Sebastian might have gone with him to the ends of the earth and had my approval; but regarding her as I now do, after the events of last night, it is quite a different matter. As to jealousy, that, as I said before, is simply out of the question. Though the affianced of Ernest La Grange, as you both know, I would give him up, without a murmur, were I to be certain he preferred any human being to myself; but this affair, I confess, vexes and annoys me, even against my will."

"I have not yet told you what I intended, nor got your promise of silence and secrecy!" said I, wishing both to change the subject and finish my communication, as the time had now arrived for me to take my leave, according to the instructions of the Colonel.

"I am ready to hear you," she said.

I repeated what I had said to Cora. She reflected for a short time before making any reply.

"Do you think you have sufficient cause for requesting us to remain at home, unless accompanied by a strong escort?" she asked, looking me straight in the eye.

"I do."

"And you are not at liberty to tell us more?"

"I am not at present."

"Oh, then there is danger around us?" exclaimed Cora, beginning to grow alarmed.

"I will not say there is danger to you here—I trust there is not; but you know, Cora, there has been danger before this—that Alice was herself suddenly spirited away once—and to guard against the possibility of such a thing being repeated, is the object of my present caution."

"It is enough, my little sister," said Alice, "that Dr. Walbridge has sufficient cause for his request, and we should put faith enough in him to promise what he requires without attempting to penetrate his secret."

"I will do what you advise, Alice."

"Then consider the matter settled, Doctor!"

"I thank you both," returned I; "and at the earliest moment that I find myself at liberty, I will give you good reasons for all I have said."

At this moment a servant appeared, to say that Colonel Brandon wished to see me in the library for a minute, and I took leave of the ladies at once and repaired thither.

"I do not like to hurry your departure, Doctor," said the Colonel, whom I found in company with his guests, slowly pacing up and down the room; "but, under the circumstances, I feel that every minute's delay may tend to jeopardize our cause."

"I am ready to leave, sir, and will at once order my horse."

"I have already ordered one of mine for you," replied the Colonel, "for yours is too much fatigued, and it is possible you may want speed for your own safety, since that letter did not reach the persons for whom it was intended, and the villains may, in consequence of first orders, be gathered about us."

"Do these gentlemen know all?" I queried, glancing at the others.

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "you can speak before them as if you were alone with me."

"Then may I ask if you are already prepared for an attack on your dwelling?"

"Why, you do not imagine that they are numerous enough and bold enough for such a design, do you?" said he, in a tone of surprise.

"I do not know—I have my fears. Remember your prisoner, whom they may wish to release; and remember yourself, who, as the Captain of the Regulators, it may be most important to have in their power. I certainly think, knowing what we do, it would be very imprudent to attempt to pass the night unprepared for just such an event."

"You are right!" said the Colonel; "you are right! and I will lose no time in acting upon your suggestion. Let me see what white force we can muster to-night! There are five of us here, without counting yourself, who of course are about to leave us; two sheriff's officers, who take turns in guarding the prisoner; my two overseers, and Stebbins and Reichstadt; eleven in all; a pretty strong garrison for a private dwelling, not to mention at least ten or fifteen negroes that I can trust with fire-arms. I thank you for the hint, Doctor, and will have this matter attended to forthwith."

After some further conversation, I took my leave. The Colonel accompanied me to the door, and purposely said, in a loud tone, as I mounted my horse:

"I hope you will give us another call before you leave the country!"

"Thank you—if I have time—good-by!"

As I spurred my horse and dashed away, I heard the voice of Stebbins:

"Great ginger, Doctor, you aint ageing for good, be you?"

I did not stop to answer.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEW ADVENTURES.

The night had become cloudy, with an east wind, threatening a storm, and in consequence was very dark. About half-a-mile from Colonel Brandon's was a second narrow belt of wood; and while passing slowly through this, unable to see an inch before me, I felt the bridle rein suddenly grasped by a strong hand and the horse borne backward, while a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Speak! and say who, and what, and whar from?"

It was a critical moment for me—undoubtedly I was already surrounded by outlaws—and if I would escape, there seemed but one way to do it. I acted upon the first instinctive idea of preservation, and slid quietly to the ground.

"Where's the lantern, Jim? Show a light here!" said another voice, that I had certainly heard before, and which I had every reason to suppose was Horset's.

The speaker was on the other side of the horse, and every thing depended upon my getting away before my absence should be discovered. I began to move away—I knew not in what direction—and in less than three paces ran against a man, who mistook me for his companion and called out:

"Look yere, Pete, what in blazes yer doing, running over a feller that way?"

"What's you a blowing about, Andy, when I arn't no whar anigh you?" responded a voice, that I supposed to belong to the first party named.

"Then it war you, Jake, hey?"

"No, I'm here."

"Who in —— was it then?"

At this moment another voice called out:

"The stranger's got down and gone!"

"It war him then!" cried the one I had stumbled against; "and so fetch the light this yere way, quick!"

Meantime I had quietly pushed on into the wood and slipped past the whole of the gang, which I judged might number some ten or twelve. I now saw the glimmer of the light moving in the direction I had taken, with a figure or two flitting before it; but I already had so much the start as to be in little fear of capture. In fact they did not attempt to follow far, and I soon had the satisfaction of hearing them blaming one another for my escape.

But what was now to be done? I had of course lost my horse; and whether I were to go forward or back, it would have to be afoot. This in itself did not trouble me—for I could soon pass over the space of three miles to the La Grange mansion—but what would be done by these desperadoes meantime, or during the coming night? Ought I not to return to Colonel Brandon and tell of my adventure? He had half expected I might be seen by a reconnoitering party, and for that reason had fixed upon me to bear the message, instead of an overseer or negro, who he thought would be more likely to excite suspicion as to their purpose; but notwithstanding this and the warning I had given him, would he be prepared for these ruffians, should they proceed at once to make an attack? The letter we had intercepted contained an order to wait for the signal of the leaders; but this they had not received, and of course could not be governed by it; while the very fact of the order itself, was pretty conclusive proof that an assault upon somebody had been in contemplation. Should I go forward or return, was now the question? Inclination would have led me back to the spot where my heart was; but duty seemed rather to urge me forward, to gather the power that would crush out these prowling ruffians. Colonel Brandon, with his white and black force, should, after so much warning, be prepared to defend himself, and, being a prudent, active, determined man, I had no right to suppose he would neglect any precaution that my return could prompt him to. This being the case, I could best serve him by rousing up the country as soon as possible; and so I decided to push on to La Grange's with what speed I could.

Owing to the darkness of the night and the necessity for caution, it took me the best part of an hour to get clear of the wood and the ruffians and find my way into the road running between the two plantations; but after that I went forward with such celerity that in less than three-quarters of an hour I was at the mansion. All was dark and still—every one was abed. One door, however, was never locked when Ernest and myself were out, and through this I entered and went straight to his room. He was not there. I struck a light and looked around. From all appearance he had not yet returned. What did this mean? Had he found his patient too sick for him to leave her? or his guide too fascinating?

Suddenly there sprung up a dark suspicion! If I had been right in my late conjectures concerning Sebastian and his daughter, that he was a leader among the outlaws and she an accomplice—that through his orders Alice Brandon had been captured for the benefit of Flora Sebastian—that both father and daughter were now preparing for some terrible blow—then the fact of the absence of Ernest La Grange, at such a time and in such company, might have a fearful meaning; and if anything was to be done to save him, and in fact the whole honest community, no time was to be lost.

The first thing I did, was to wake up an old and faithful servant, who gloried in the name of Pompey.

"Has not your young Master Ernest yet returned?" I asked.

"No, bress der Lord!" returned the old negro, who was quite a character in his way, claimed to be something of a preacher, and seldom failed to bless the Lord for everything, good or bad; and even as he spoke he rubbed open his eyes and fetched a heavy yawn.

"You are sure he has not been home this evening, Pompey?"

"Jes' as sure as we am of any'ting in dis yere subnulunary worl, sar, bress der Lord!" replied the black. "If he'd er come, I'd er seed um; and ef I'd er seed um, I'd er knowed um was yere, bress der Lord! But didn't him come with yourself?"

"No, he is not with me, and I am afraid something has happened to him!"

"Bress der Lord!" cried Pompey, starting to his feet in alarm; "what yous specs's got him, sar? a painter, er ivy kine o' beasts?"

"No, you do not understand me," pursued I, fearing I had been a little too imprudent in my remark. "I mean to say I fear something has happened to detain him at Captain Sebastian's, where I left him. Is your master, Mr. La Grange, asleep?"

"Specs he am, sar!"

"I wish you would wake him then, and tell him I have something important to communicate to him immediately."

"Yes, sar!" returned Pompey, with a hesitating air, and looking inquiringly at me; "specs as how I wouldn't do, sar?"

"No, I must see Mr. La Grange himself at once."

"Bress der Lord! den he's be all right now, sar!" and slipping on an old garment, he hurried away to do his errand.

A few minutes later I was closeted with Mr. La Grange in his library. He had heard of the murder of Edward Mason, the capture of the Spaniard, and the verdict of the coroner's jury, but he had not seen Ernest since he and I left home together the evening before. I then related what I had since discovered, together with the suspicions of Colonel Brandon and myself, and he began to grow excited.

"A new light breaks in on me," he exclaimed, "and I begin to see more clearly. Looking back over the past years, I think I can, in this view, see the explanation of some mysterious things—see how, among others, certain notorious desperadoes were made to elude us when we believed we had them completely in our power. Yes! yes! no wonder Sebastian was so eager for your life, if all these suspicions be correct! Where did you say you left Ernest?"

"Miss Flora Sebastian took him away, ostensibly to visit an old sick woman; but the fact that he has not returned home, begins to awaken my fears that something has gone wrong."

"It is an alarming state of affairs at all events!" said Mr. La Grange, becoming much agitated. "Brandon's house surrounded! you seized upon and robbed of your horse, and yourself escaping almost by a miracle! They may be here next—we do not know where! Joe Horset is one of them, and he may forget that I was a better friend to him than others, and seek to destroy me and my family! There is no time to be lost; the country must be roused at once; the Regulators must be got together as soon as possible! Oh, that my son were here! I tremble for fear he has already met with foul play!"

"I think nothing so bad as that," said I. "Flora is in love with him, and her design would hardly extend beyond making him a captive—if possible, a willing captive."

"But he may have set out for home, and fallen into the hands of the cut-throats!"

"At least I will go and seek him!" said I.

"Oh, will you!" he cried, grasping my hand.

"I will at once—only furnish me with a horse."

"I will give orders to have three got ready forthwith, and you shall take a couple of armed servants with you."

"But some one must start off to rouse up the country, Mr. La Grange!"

"I will myself go in one direction, and my two overseers shall each take another."

"But can they be trusted?" said I, placing my hand on his arm to detain him as he was about to hurry out of the library.

"Ha! what do you mean, Dr. Walbridge? do you know anything against them?"

"No, not I—except that they are not educated gentlemen of known probity, and may be tools of the enemy, and this is a time to distrust everybody but our bosom friends."

"So it is! so it is!" he assented, with a gloomy shake of the head. "They may be false, the same as Horset was—I will not trust them. Oh, this is a sad state of affairs!" he went on; "a sad state indeed! to find ourselves surrounded by ruffians ready to cut our throats, and afraid to call upon our dependents for protection, and at the same time suspicious of our neighbors! It was bad enough before, when, as I believed, we were all working together for one object—the extermination of the banded villains; but how much worse now, since we have

discovered treachery in our own camp and know not whom to suspect or put faith in! Perhaps our negroes have been tampered with—Heaven knows—and may be intending to rise with the signal and murder their masters, as has been done elsewhere before this! Would to God Ernest were here!"

"I will go and seek him at once."

"You may not find him, and be entrapped yourself, and then there will be another friend gone!" almost groaned Mr. La Grange. "Well! well! perhaps it is the best that can be done! It may excite less suspicion for you to go than for me."

"It undoubtedly will," I replied.

"Then I will set off myself to alarm the country!" he pursued. "I can do much between this and to-morrow morning, even alone."

He turned and went to the door, and then suddenly came back and took hold of my arm.

"Dr. Walbridge," he said, with a shudder, "it is a fearful thought that my own negroes may even now be prepared to rise upon me! and how do I know, if I go away, that I shall ever return? or that I shall find my house standing and family alive if I do?"

"I do not apprehend a rise of the negroes," said I; "I think all our trouble will come from white men."

"Stop! let me call in Pompey! If there is any plot a'oot among the blacks, he will know it; and if he knows it, I will frighten it out of him!"

"It may be prudent to try the experiment!" said I.

He went to the door and called the black. As the latter came in, we both fixed our eyes searchingly upon him; but I failed to detect any sign indicating a suspicion of our purpose, or secret knowledge of guilt."

"Pompey," said his master, in a stern tone, looking the black straight in the eye, "we know all."

"Bress der Lord for dat yar!" returned the negro, with an innocent stare.

"Now if you want to live to see the sun rise to-morrow, you must confess all at once!"

"What Ise fess, Marser?" inquired the black, in evident astonishment.

"All that those white rascals told you about murdering your master's family, and getting your liberty!"

"Bress der Lord, Marser," cried Pompey, rolling up his eyes and looking from one to the other in perfect amazement, "I doesn't know not nuffen whatsomever!"

"Have a care now! for if I catch you in a lie, I shall kill you as I would a mad dog!" pursued Mr. La Grange, in a stern, determined tone, and with a look of savage fierceness, such as the black had probably never seen before. "Confess now, I say, while you have time! tell me all before it be too late!"

He unlocked a closet and took out a rifle; and Pompey fell down on his knees, held up his hands imploringly, and in terror begged for his life.

"Bress der Lord A'mighty," he groaned, in conclusion, "I doesn't know not nuffin so much as one ob dem yar two y'ar ole calfs!"

"You remember Joe Horset, Pompey?"

"Yes, sar, I does—bress der Lord!"

"You know he tampered with the negroes, and got some of them to run away, and was afterwards tried by the Regulators and publicly whipped for it?"

"Yes, sar, I knows dem."

"Well, he has been about here again, trying to do the same thing over again."

"Bress der Lord, sar! you 'stonish dis yar chile amazin!"

"Do I indeed?" said La Grange, looking him searchingly in the eye.

"You does, sar!" returned Pompey, with a very earnest, innocent look.

"Do you pretend to tell me you have not seen him?"

"Neber, sar!"

"Nor heard of his being among the field-hands?"

"Naber, sar!"

"Nor any other white man?"

"Declar' I hasn't, on der Bible what I's preach from, bress der Lord, sar!"

Mr. La Grange looked at the frightened black steadily for some half a minute, and then turned to me and asked me what I thought.

"That Pompey has told you the truth!" I promptly replied.

"I think so too!" he rejoined. "Now, Pompey, you can go; but hark you, boy! not a word of this to a living soul!"

"Bress der Lord, sar, it am all forgot now!" returned the black, as he rose from his kneeling posture, with an expression of happy relief, and shuffled out of the room with unusual haste.

Mr. La Grange now appeared to be satisfied that he had nothing to fear from his negroes, and we proceeded to discuss the main question and decide upon our line of action. It was finally settled, as before suggested, that I should take two armed servants and ride over to Captain Sebastian's in quest of Ernest, and that with two more Mr. La Grange himself should proceed to the village of ——, about five miles distant in another direction, where he would be able to get twenty men to horse in less than an hour after his arrival, and with their exertions it was hoped that some fifty at least might be collected at Colonel Brandon's by daylight on the following morning.

As soon as possible after settling upon our line of action, I was on my way to what I believed to be the lion's den. The night was so very dark, as I have said before, that under the trees nothing whatever could be seen, and upon the open road it was but little better. The negroes sent with me were a couple of trusty fellows, employed about the house and garden, who had frequently been out on night-hunts, and had been taught to use fire-arms, though only permitted to use them at certain times and under certain restrictions. Each was now armed with a carbine and a large knife; and I reflected that, if they had been tampered with by the plotting villains, I might perhaps have as much to risk from them as from any of the parties I was trying to guard against. I knew them well, however, had become much attached to them during my sojourn at the mansion, and, to say the truth, did not fear them in the least. I had reason to believe they liked me and almost worshipped their young master. They had been called from their beds and told to go with me to Captain Sebastian's, without any explanation being given for so singular an order at such a time of night, and they had obediently started, without a moment's hesitation or a word of grumbling. That it was necessary to keep them in ignorance of everything, I did not believe; and so I proceeded to state, that, as their young master had not come home, it was feared he had met with some accident, and we were now going to Captain Sebastian's to see if we could get any news of him. At this they both expressed much alarm and grief. I further told them that I had heard there were bad men abroad, with the design of murdering the whites, and carrying off the blacks to sell them to cruel masters, and so they must keep themselves very quiet and be constantly on the watch for danger. This they promised, and without showing any of that craven fear which so many persons have unjustly declared to be a prominent trait of the colored race. Since then I have seen both whites and blacks in some very trying situations, and have seen heroes and cowards among both races.

Some quarter of a mile from the dwelling of Captain Sebastian, was a small grove of trees; and here I halted my colored guides, telling them I would go forward alone.

"Remain here, boys," I said, "till I return, and keep yourselves so quiet as not to attract the attention of any one abroad! If I meet with no trouble, I shall be back here before daylight; but if you should not see me by that time, ride home as fast as your horses can take you, and tell your master that something alarming has happened to me. If, in the meantime, however, you hear this peculiar whistle, (and I made the sound in a low tone,) then come to my assistance as quick as you can!"

"I shouldn't spect dar 'ud be much danger at Cap'en Sebastian's house!" said one of the blacks, called Tom.

"There ought not to be of course, and probably will not be; but I thought it just as well to tell you and Pete what to do in case of accident."

"Yes, sar—much obleiged, Marser Walbridge—we'll does jes' what you says, sar!"

"I have half a notion to leave my horse here with you."

"Maybe as somebody 'd t'ink dat was strange, sar!" suggested Pete.

"You are right—I will ride. Remember my instructions! Now then to find the rest of my way in this worse than Egyptian darkness!" I muttered, as I started my horse forward, though with something of fear that I might get lost in the little distance I had to go to reach the dwelling I was seeking.

I have once or twice before mentioned the darkness of the night. After getting out of the wood where I had lost Colonel Brandon's horse to the desperadoes, I had succeeded, being afoot, in finding my way to Mr. La Grange's without much difficulty; and from Mr. La Grange's, thus far, the negroes had been my guides, and had gone steadily forward, much to my surprise and satisfaction; for I do not believe that, on horseback and alone, I could have found my way that night, more especially since I had missed it in the broad light of day. I do not know that they could see any better than myself; but they were certainly more familiar with the route, and their instinct, so to speak, was superior to mine in getting correctly over ground of which I could not perceive a single trace.

The wind had been blowing from the east, and becoming more damp every hour, and now a fine, mist-like rain was just beginning to set in, and I felt certain it was the commencement of a long, disagreeable storm. It was not cold, however, and I was fain to fancy it might be for our benefit, by preventing the desperadoes from carrying out their designs as soon as they otherwise would.

I had not ridden a dozen paces by myself, before I found it would be impossible for me to guide my beast and continue on his back; and not being sure that he would keep the road if I were to give him the rein, I dismounted and led him, actually feeling my way forward.

As I drew near the mansion, several dogs began to bark; and the sounds, while they satisfied me that I was upon the right course, also assisted me in keeping it.

Shortly after this I saw the glimmer of a light, which, though at first I felt to be quite cheering, soon began to make me feel quite uneasy. It was past midnight; and why, if all were as I could wish, should any one be astir at that hour? True, there might be a thousand harmless reasons for it—but I was just in a condition to imagine the worst. That my friend had been taken sick was one fear; but that Sebastian was closeted with some one or more of the freebooters, was another and greater. The intercepted letter, which had been written by Blake, stated that he was going to consult with Guido; and if Guido and Sebastian were one, as I had reason to believe, then Blake might already be here; and if here, it might not be the safest and most agreeable thing in the world for me to meet him. I had never seen him, to know him; but he had a peculiar voice, and that voice I was certain I should recognize whenever I should hear it again. Perhaps he would know me and perhaps not; but if Captain Sebastian were his friend, he would be certain to tell him that I was the man who had thwarted his plot against Miss Brandon, and then the chances were that I should find myself in trouble.

With these things passing through my mind, I secured my horse to a tree and went forward to the house, which I could barely see, when close upon it, as a darker shadow. I groped around and found the door, and then hesitated about knocking.

While standing thus for a minute undecided, with the wind blowing sharply and the rain beginning to make me feel uncomfortable, I was startled at the touch of a hand. Instinctively I shrunk back and drew one of my pistols; but was greatly relieved the next moment, though a good deal surprised, at hearing the well-known voice of Caleb Stebbins, who demanded, in a tone of some considerable trepidation:

"I say you, who be you?"

"Dr. Walbridge," I answered, in a low, guarded tone. "But, hush! not another word here! Let me speak with you aside! Give me your hand!"

We felt out each other, and then walked away some distance from the dwelling.

"Now then," resumed I, "tell me what you are doing here? but guard your voice as much as possible."

"Why, what you feared on, Doctor?"

"There may be listeners."

"Guess not—for who in thunder 'd want to stand out in this ere rain to hear us, even if they knowed we was here? And what 'ud they hear if they did? We aint thieves, I guess. But I say you—you haint left us for good, have you, now? I didn't know you was agoing so soon, till I heerd the Colonel hope as how you might call ag'in afore you left the country. Twa'n't right, Doctor, for you to put off that are way from an old friend like me, without saying good-by—I swum tu Guinea, it wa'n't—that's a fact."

"Of course I intended to see you and Peter ag'in before quitting the country."

"And somebody else tew, I guess, Doctor—hey? somebody whose fust letter of her name begins with Cora—hey?" laughed Caleb.

"Well, perhaps so. But now tell me why you have come here to-night?"

"Why, the Colonel sent me; and it's ben jest the derndest, disagreeablest job I ever done in my life. I've come all the way alone tew. I wanted tu bring Peter along; but the Colonel he wouldn't agree; he said he wanted me to come alone; and when I kicked agin it, he up and axed me if I's afeard. That are fetched up the Stebbins blood, I tell you; and then I'd a come alone, if I'd a died for it! But, I say—how 'd you git here? did he send you tew?"

"No, I came over from Mr. La Grange's, to see about my friend, who, from some cause, had not returned. I suppose no attack had been made on Colonel Brandon's house when you left?"

"Attack?" exclaimed Caleb; "great ginger! what d' you mean?"

I understood at once, by his tone of surprise, that, for his own reasons, the Colonel had not told him anything, and I now turned the matter off with a laugh, as a mere joke of my own. If he knew nothing, of course he could tell nothing, and in that respect would be just the messenger to send to Captain Sebastian, who, if suspicious of being entrapped, would probably be sharp and shrewd enough to get out of Caleb all he knew.

"How did you find your way here on so dark a night?" I asked.

"Wal, I took along a lantern; but the candle gin out about half a mile back here, and arter that I had the derndest time ever you see! I'll bet I've ben nigh two hours sence then finding this ere house!"

"Are you afoot?"

"No, I've got a hoss out here, hitched in so'thing, somewhere."

"Well, why did the Colonel send you at this time of night? Your business here must be very important!"

"I don' know what it is. I've got a letter for Captain Sebastian—so'thing about that are Spaniard, I guess. I wouldn't wonder if he's agoing to make a die on't, from what I've hearn tell."

"Then you have no personal message to Sebastian? only a letter?"

"That's all."

"Now, as a great favor, Mr. Stebbins, will you please not mention having seen me since the coroner's inquest, say nothing of my having been back to Colonel Brandon's, and, when we meet again in the house here, just speak to me as if for the first time for the last day or two! I have a purpose in this, which concerns us both, and as soon as I can I will tell you all about it. Do you understand?"

"All right—I'm your man—mum's the word!"

"Now then, go in and do your business—perhaps you will find the Captain up—and I will soon follow. Not a word of me though, remember!"

We groped our way back to the door, and Caleb rapped loudly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Count D'Orsay and the Paletot.

Every reader knows that the Count d'Orsay was for many years the arbiter of taste and the leader of fashion in England. The following story is told in proof of his supremacy in this way:—The Count was returning from a steeple chase, when he was caught in a storm. Looking around him, he observed a sailor wrapped up in a loose overcoat of coarse cloth, reaching to his knees. "Will you sell your great coat?" said the Count, after tempting the sailor into a public house by the offer of a dram. "Willingly, my lord," answered the sailor, pocketing the ten guineas offered him for a garment not worth one. The Count put it on and rode into London. The shower had blown over and he joined the riders in the Park, who all flocked around him, with exclamations of—"It is original! it is charming! it is delightful! No one but D'Orsay would have thought of such a thing." The following day all the fashionables wore similar overcoats, and behold the invention of the paletot, which, like the tri-colors, has made the tour of the world.

The Paris Exposition.

Every one who has lived long in Paris knows what an important part washerwomen play in French toilet and French family life. Fine washing is looked upon almost as one of the fine arts in France. No wonder, therefore, at the honorable and important position we find it occupying at the Champs de Mars. A celebrated leader of the illustrious female band, one Madame Charles, has been placed in command of a spacious edifice, in which will be exhibited to the wondering eyes of male visitors the mystery of the precise method and process by which feminine caps and cuffs and collars are made to assume such transparent whiteness, and the bosoms of their own dress-shirts and wristbands brought to the requisite smooth and unwrinkled surface. The idea of such an adjunct to the exhibition is certainly quite French, and may be quoted as proof of the thoroughly "universal" character which the undertaking of 1867 is intended to assume.

FOREIGN NAMES.—Travelling on the Continent, an American is liable to make mistakes from not knowing the current method of spelling the names of places. It was some time before I learned that "Aachen," which I frequently saw, meant Aix la Chapelle. The French name for The Hague is "La Hague," while the Dutch is something yet more different. Antwerp appears on the maps as "Anwers," and Melchin as "Malines." Here in Italy, Naples is "Napoli," and Leghorn, "Livorna." An Italian would not understand you in speaking of Venice. He writes it Venezia, and pronounces it "Vay-nay-tse-a."

☞ "Mr. Jones, I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it." "No, no," was the reply, "I only said that you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

"MY BURDEN IS LIGHT."—A wise man sought to explain to his little child the nature of a cross. He took two slips of wood, a long and a short one. "See, my child," he said, "the long piece is the will of God, the short piece is your will; lay your will in a line with the will of God and you will have no cross; *lay it athwart*, and you make a cross directly."

☞ An elderly woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard in the college building the other day, startled the bystanders by exclaiming: "La! Sally, how white he was."

☞ The most modest thing in creation—the retiring tide.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence in the present number a new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCŒUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

Past and Present Aspect of the Earth.

The present surface of the Earth presents an aspect in remarkable diversity to its ancient appearance. Under the original rule of Nature, where now stretch our fertile fields and rise our cities, there spread an unbroken forest, century after century adding to the thickness of the soil by the shedding of its annual leaves and the decay of its trunks, and inhabited by countless races of animals. Under these green aisles of Nature warfare held full sway, the shedding of blood being necessary to the existence of the carnivorous animals, and no mere matter of malice or caprice as in human warfare.

Only the great sandy deserts, stony plains, and mountain ranges bore any close resemblance to their present aspect. We may also instance the frozen regions of the ocean, for the temperate and tropic seas are so vexed with the keels of ships, so white with sails or black with the smoke of passing steamers, their bottoms are so lined with wrecks, that they do not closely compare with the desolate seas of the ancient regime. The geologist of the far future, when he comes to examine the uplifted strata now forming on our sea bottoms, will, instead of fossil fish, exhume fossil ships and telegraph cables, and perhaps find much more difficulty in classifying them and comprehending their uses than we have with the fossils now exhumed; for the works of Nature are full of definite and co-related meanings, every form full of its fixed purposes, while those of man frequently display great lack of meaning.

It is a circumstance fraught with the elements of the marvellous that, out of the innumerable varieties of animal life existing during the excessively long ages of the globe's duration anterior to man, no one arose capable of intelligent direction of the forces of nature and modification of the earth's surface; while in the few thousand years of the existance of man—an animal full of points of analogy to, and in his savage state only lifted slightly above some of these lower species—he has utterly changed the aspect of wide regions of the earth. So pointed is this fact that our Archeologists are at present determining the existence of ancient races of men from dug-up flints, wrought in the rudest manner, yet bearing evident traces in their forms of an intelligent purpose.

Another strange fact is that, while nearly the whole contribution of these races to the earth consists of their lifeless remains, the smallest have added much more than the largest to this growth of the surface; the Chalk formations of England, and thick beds in other countries, being chiefly formed of the shells of microscopic Infusoria, while the Polypes, by their calcareous bodies, have built up immense coral formations.

Among animals that have otherwise modified the surface probably the Beaver must surpass all others, extensive swamps having been formed by its habit of damming up small streams. Instances of this have occured in our own times in British America.

Hawthorn has a story called "The New Adam and Eve," representing a new pair as created within a deserted modern city, and their emotions at the strange things presented there. How different the world beheld by such an Adam from that trodden by the first Adam. Where one beheld rivers flowing silently between thickly wooded banks, the other would see streams ploughed with smoking and clanging vessels. On their banks, cities, marvellous with works of art and mechanical skill. Where grassy plains and forests then rose, now spread cultivated fields, mathematically divided into frequent inclosures, each with its habitations and the surroundings of husbandry. In place of the grasses and indigestible fruits of that age, now wave golden grains and fruits of the most luscious flavor.

Now the straight lines of canals unite the graceful curves of rivers. In place of the mighty reptiles of the past, now a'ong black rails thunder fiery monsters, breathing smoke and flame from jaws of iron. The wires of the Telegraph cobweb the land. The mountains are graded and tunnelled, the earth excavated, the seas conquered. The hands and brains of some mighty being seem to have been at work to produce these changes; and our new-born Adam (who has not yet seen a mirror) beholding among the various moving forms one rather small creature, destitute of natural armor or weapon of offence, only distinguished by a look of intelligence and command, naturally would imagine that these wonders were the work of some mightier unseen intelligence who had afterward gifted this small animal with capability of appreciating and enjoying these marvellous works, and placed him among them, as the first Adam was placed in a garden planted "Eastward in Eden."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, have just issued a new edition of the Waverley Novels which will commend itself to the reading public. Between 1814 and 1831, Scott produced seventy-four volumes of novels and historical romances. The price of these (in specie) was half a guinea a volume, at which rate alone they could be procured until the year 1829, when a collective edition, with new Introductions and Notes, was issued, and the original price reduced to two-thirds. Any original purchaser of Scott's novels, therefore, would have to pay $186.48 for the set of seventy-four volumes, and even the reduced price, after 1829, was $99. Now, Peterson's New National Edition, printed with clear type on good paper, handsomely lettered, and bound in cloth, is sold at $15 a set of five volumes—each volume containing from five to six complete works—and sent free of cost to any portion of the country. The publishers also agree to send a set gratis to any one who will send them an order for a club of *three* sets and $45; for *six* sets and $75; or for *nine* sets and $100. Of the interest and value of the Waverley Novels, it is almost needless to say anything. They should be in every household in the land. They contain a large amount of valuable information independent of their interest as stories, for Scott was an indefatigable worker, and he was very accurate in describing all the minute details of character and incident that would serve to give an air of reality to his stories, while they are at the same time pervaded by a freshness and heartiness of manner that are particularly captivating.

THE PAPACY; Its Historic Origin and Primitive Relations with the Eastern Churches. By the ABBE GUETTEE, D. D., author of a "History of the Gallacian Church," &c. With an Introduction by A. CLEVELAND COXE, Bishop of Western New York. Published by Carleton, New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE LAST WARNING CRY; With Reasons for the Hope that is in me. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D., author of "The Great Tribulation," &c. Published by Carleton, New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A ROSARY FOR LENT; or, Devotional Readings, original and compiled, by the author of "Rutledge." Published by Carleton, New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. According to His original Biographers. With Notes. By EDMUND KIRKE, author of "Among The Pines," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and for sale by J. S. Claxton, 1214 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY" and "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for March, have been received from Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

☞ The best currency is that sort of currency where a dollar here is a dollar the world over.

☞ That Tomkins is a most absurd fool. What d'ye think he said the other night while feeding pretty little Ina Darley at that jolly party? He said, "If I wish to represent the assassin of Captain Cook, what delicacy will I present to Miss D.?" I walked away, but like a phantom he followed to bawl in my ear, "A Sandwich *I'll hand her!*" Bother Tomkins.

☞ The Mrs. Marsh who is now writing novels in England is not the Mrs Marsh who twenty years ago, or thereabouts, published the novel of "Emilia Wyndham," and other stories which were popular in their time. The latter lady has published a card to that effect in the English papers, stating that she is now Mrs. Marsh Caldwell, and that she has published nothing since 1857.

☞ "S. P."—The Prussians are so unpopular at Frankfort that, when the burghers give a party, they send out cards with "S. P." in the corner. This is meant for *Sans Prussians*—no Prussians will be present.

☞ THE VIRGINIA FREEDMEN.—The "African Methodist Episcopal Conference of Virginia," at its recent session at Petersburg, adopted a report on the "state of the country," in which this passage occurs: "In very many of the districts of the country, where the dependence of the colored people upon the white, and the white upon the colored, has been so complete, good feeling exists toward us; and efforts to-day are making by our white brethren in the southern states to benefit us religiously and otherwise."

☞ The Paris newspapers announce the arrival in that city of a wealthy American family, Mr. and Mrs. R——, with the modest income of $600,000.

☞ ASSASSINATION.—The Paris papers give curious statistics of assassination. The proportion of murders is: In England, one in 678,000 souls; Holland, one in 163,000; Prussia, one in 100,000; Austria, one in 77,000. The writers have left France out of the calculation.

☞ The Maine Farmer hears it stated that T. H. Lang has been offered as high as forty thousand dollars for the famous horse, General Knox.

☞ MACAULAY.—A bust of Macaulay has been placed in Westminster Abbey by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. It rests upon a handsome bracket, designed by Mr. Scott, in the immediate neighborhood of the grave and of Addison's statue, in Poet's Corner.

☞ It is stated that the French troops in Mexico will be so delighted when their ships arrive to take them home, that they will go into transports.

☞ LAMP EXPLOSIONS.—A Cleveland gentleman has kept a partial record of accidents from the use of kerosene lamps during the past two years. He says that nearly two hundred persons have been burned to death, and six million dollars of property destroyed.

☞ INTERMARRIAGE.—The Maine Legislature has decided against any modifications of the law which prohibits intermarriage of different races.

☞ The Suez Canal is open. A despatch received by the Atlantic Telegraph announces that large steam-tugs have just passed from Cairo to Suez—a fact which marks an important era in the history of commercial intercourse. As Lynch says:—"Strange will it be if the trade shall return to channels of old, when, at the rising of the dog-star, or at midsummer, the Arab of Southern Arabia launched his frail bark before a wind that he knew would waft him to the shores of spice-bearing India, to return home with as propitious a gale from the opposite quarter."

☞ The San Antonio (Cal.) Ledger gives an account of a duel which, beginning in a mimic *affaire d'honneur*, ended in a real *affaire de coeur*. A gentleman having made a lady a present of a pair of pistols, after several trials of skill they concluded to go through the forms of a duel. They took their positions, fired at the word, and, to the terror of the young lady, the gentleman fell. She threw herself frantically upon the corpse, embracing and kissing it with every token of endearment. Under such magical influences the gentleman revived, and rose unhurt from the ground, and—and—they are to be married.

☞ A lady who is opposed to having whist played in her house, recently sent out invitations for a social party, and lest there should be some mistake, she added, "No cards."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

TEMPLE OF THE SUN—A FEW FACTS—OFFICIATING PRIESTS—SUN-DOGS—BAYING THE SUN—PERUVIAN SUPERSTITIONS—PROPOSED ENTERPRISE—SUDDEN CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

Of the Great Sun Temple of Cuzco, that ought to have been added to the list of the world's wonders, I can write very little. Not that I have seen nothing of it to write about; for I have. A very great deal. During fifty-five days, five of us—four of whom were Dr. Bond, our Swedish steward, Dona Minnie, and our Edith, devoted each day consecutively at least six hours to the mighty ruins—probing, prying, delving, climbing, measuring, and making memoranda. So, of the ruins of the immense sun temple we certainly saw and learned a great deal. But the difficulty in the way of telling here intelligibly what we saw and learned, are serious, and twofold.

First—want of space in sketches so brief. Secondly—we saw too much. Unless one writes with no ideas but mensuration and purely mechanical science in his head, the vast ruins of the once magnificent sun temple of the ancient Peruvians, defy all brevity. An accomplished antiquarian, could carry the wonderful remains of human art, science, and mechanical skill through a thousand pages very interestingly. With myself, incidental details come crowding too thickly the memory of these stupendous relics of a structure that intact, must have vied in splendor with, and rivalled the temple of Solomon itself, to permit the sorting out and arranging in so brief a description, a tithe of the many facts that it seems ought by some one to be truthfully and intelligently told.

These difficulties being in the way, I shall leave a description of the ruins to whoever shall hereafter choose to write it, remarking by the way that we saw probably as much of what was one day the mighty temple of the Peruvian's tutelar deity, as any one of the present century has ever seen—more than any one else of any century will ever see again; for the immense relic, hard as is its marble heart, is rapidly disappearing under the all-corroding tooth of time.

Without attempting consecutiveness, a few facts and probabilities connected with the massive ruins, may perhaps prove interesting to readers generally. Among the facts is a plain and palpable contradiction of the declaration of a late architectural authority who asserts that the arch was an unknown feature in architecture until introduced by the Goths. Some of the Peruvian sun temples were antiquities before a Goth existed, and yet every one of them contained arches as Gothic in all their features as any that now exist anywhere, and the ruins at Cuzco still present four purely Gothic arches almost entire, and more than twenty so nearly so that there can be no doubt of their architectural character.

Another interesting fact is that blocks of stone seven feet in width, nineteen in length in some instances, and of unknown thickness, are imbedded in the massive walls many feet above the surface of the ground These immense stones, if not Italian marble, are its exact counterfeit, and no quarry of similar material is now known to exist either in Peru or anywhere else in South America. Certainly it never could have done so anywhere on the elevated plain of Cuzco, in the great basin of Titticaca, or in any part of the Andean range. It is, however, identical with that used in the construction of the sun temples at Tumbes, on one of the islands in Lake Titticaca, and several temples of less rate throughout the empire of the ancient Incas.

In four places at least, we determined to a certainty that the foundation walls of the Great Cuscan temple are sunk twenty feet below the surface, and their unfinished roughness, coupled with the fact that there are no openings or passages through them, seems to prove conclusively that they were originally laid at that depth. Many of the above ground joints are so nicely fitted that after all the ages of weather-wear to which they have been exposed, it requires a good eye and close inspection to detect them.

Within some of the sheltered niches and under arches, in many instances the sculptured cuttings are as sharp and clear as if cut but a year since.

Admitting, as Peruvian tradition and all incidental evidence favor such a conclusion, that the immense masses of marble that originally composed the walls of the vast fabric, came from some foreign land, how almost infinite must have been the labor, how mighty the mechanism, that could drag them from the shore of the Pacific, first up the great slope, over innumerable sierras, through difficult passes—up the steep, rugged face of the Andes, across the great Plain of Cuzco, and finally lift them into lofty positions in the towering walls. Compared with a work so gigantic, the construction of the Appian Way was but a boy's frolic, the Coliseum an insignificant task, and the rearing of St. Petersburgh upon the marshes of the Neva, a holiday's pastime.

To call the ancient Peruvian race "blind barbarians, ignorant idolators, whom to exterminate from the face of the earth would be doing God good service," as the invading gold-loving Spaniards did, and made their bloody deeds accord with their declaration, was an infamous falsehood. Idolators they were certainly, but more consistantly Christians than the Spaniards. He abjured his God and made gold his idol. The Peruvian bowed in sincere worship to the Sun—great source of light and warmth—the only god he ever knew, and to him most sacred. As for the rest—"barbarian—ignorance"—the crumbling ruins of Cuzco's mighty sun temple in every fading feature stamps the declaration a base falsehood. What to compare with it even as a shadow to a solid substance, has the arrogant Spaniard ever performed? Built the *Alhambra?* No. That was the work of Moorish barbarians. Ah, the Spaniards did build Havana's *Moro*, and San Juan D. Ulloa, and they compare with what the Inca's great temple at Cuzco was in its entirity and furnished magnificence, as the Irish bog cabin does to the Royal Exchange in Sackville street.

In its latest ruins Cuzco's sacred temple still has its officiating priests. Every day we saw a few thin, venerable old men with white hair, and clad in dilapidated faded yellow gowns girdled with a narrow golden cincture, a great glaring sun emblazoned on the breast, coming and going barefoot and barehead, gliding noiselessly like dim yellow ghosts in the deep shadows of the old walls; then coming out into the clear light, turning their eyes steadily towards the sun, solemnly mumbling some unintelligible rite, and then silently gliding away again into the deep shadow of the crumbling walls. No one of them ever came very near us, and all avoided us by shuffling away whenever we attempted to approach them.

There were other worshippers than these, too, within the ruins—many of them at all hours of the day, and continually coming and going. They were sun worshippers, or remarkably silly dogs. Dogs they were, and very remarkable, whether wise or silly. Singular, too, as the actions of any animal we had ever seen. Monstrously queer puppies—sleek, round-bodied little fellows—a pale, pinkish yellow, with long silky hair that trailed down on either side till it swept the ground, small, smooth heads, with bright, black, twinkling eyes, erect ears, set pointed forward like those of a fox, and legs so short that in walking they waddled like a goose, and every puppy of them precisely of the same size, pattern and color.

Dogs barked at the moon in the days of Cæsar, else the declaration of Brutus:

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman," is a bit of Shakespearian nonsense. But these Peruvian puppies have a penchant for baying the sun. Very rarely we saw two of the droll little sun-dogs together, and when they were so there was an incessant low, whimpering whine about or at something, and as noses and ears were upon such occasions always pointed towards the sun, we argued that the dogs were whimpering out some doggerel rite to their tutelar deity.

Sometimes there would be a dozen or more of the singular sun-dogs perched singly within the ruins on some salient ledge, looking steadily up at the sun for hours together, with ears set sharply forward, never once winking their bright little eyes, and every few minutes setting up a shrill chirping bark, that had more the sound of a pond peeper than a canine bark.

Seeking a solution of this strange daily practice of the singular puppies, we were informed by both Spaniards and native Peruvians that the priests of the temple in early times were always attended by these peculiar sun-dogs, whom they taught to bark at their god whenever he hid his face under a cloud, until they had barked him out bright and clear again, and that these, their descendants, still pursued the practice, inheriting the instinct from generation to generation, adding so much to the original dog duties that now the puppies bay the sun indiscriminately at all hours, under a cloud or not.

True or not, the tradition of the sun-dogs has in it as much of sense as the one religiously believed by all Peruvians, and perhaps a majority of Peruvian Spaniards, which has it that upon the approach of the conquering enemy under Davilla and Almegro, the priests of the great temple, gathering together all its immense wealth in golden ornaments and utensils, retired within it, taking with them also the wife, son and two daughters of the Inca, and also the eight hundred vestal virgins, descending by secret passages cut beneath the temple far down into vast subterranean chambers, brilliantly lighted by millions of dazzling rays that the sun had considerately sent down into them, and supplied with all kinds of fruits and delicious food, sufficient to last ten thousand years.

Long before the termination of that period, however, the Empress Thayandega will emerge from the crystal depths of the beautiful lake that bears her name, bringing with her Monica, her white husband, Peru's first Inca, made immortal by immersion in the sacred lake. Gathering a mighty host, Monica is to drive the Spaniards into the sea, re-establish his ancient empire, subjugate the entire southern continent, rebuild the great sun temples in all their pristine magnificence—priests, vestal virgins and the wife and children of the last Peruvian Inca will come forth from the subterranean chambers—priests, virgins and sun-dogs will all resume their sacred duties, and regenerated Peru will become such a paradise as the world has never had. A pretty dream indeed. A pity it is that it should be so absurd.

While the six of us archæologically interested were "doing" the ruins of the great temple, the remainder of our party had so industriously "done" Cuzco and its environs for five leagues in every direction, that of it and its ways there was little more for them to learn, or care to remain longer for. So we were all willing and almost prepared to say farewell to Cuzco; and it is probable that the plan of our next movement, successfully carried out, would have made famous men and women of us all, besides rendering far better service to South American Civilization and the commercial interests of Europe and North America than a hundred years of such Bohemian practices as we had been following could do.

We were going into a party division, one half re-traversing the great plain of Cuzco, going down eastwardly to the northward of Sorato, striking the river Beni at Apolobamba, while the other division, going due north about an equal distance, would strike the Ucayale below the cascades. Having reached these destinations, each party was to construct a strong, light draught raft or *balsa*, of sufficient capacity to carry comfortably ourselves, attaches, horses, dogs and provisions for a six months' cruise. Then upon a day appointed we were to sail simultaneously down stream, one party by the Beni and Madeira, the other by the Ucayale to the upper Amazon, and down that river to its junction with the Madeira, whichever party arriving first to wait for the other; and then reunited and gaining *balsas*, we would descend the Amazon, making frequent stoppages and all possible observations as we went down, terminating finally our South American vagabond tour at Muzagao, on the north shore of the Amazon, near its mouth, and within two leagues of the equator.

Carried out, it would have been a grand enterprise. And its achievement was all dashed in the head in a second by an unexpected encounter within the ruins of the sun temple upon the occasion of our final visit to them. Our entire party was out, and we were making our farewell salaams to the old walls, when we were suddenly interrupted—

"Hallos!—Shipmates ahoy!"

"*Carl!*"—"Who? What?"—"Hurrah!"—"Harry!" "Angela!" "How are you?" "God bless you both!" were the exclamations that came thick and fast; and then there was a running rush, and hugging and kissing and hearty hand shaking; and there in the midst of us stood our ex-*companiero*, commander of the Esmeralda, Captain Harry Marsdon, and his lovely Chilee wife, Dona Angela.

The Esmeralda was at Arica—Marsden had the appointment of consul at Arequipa—and hearing of our arrival at Cuzco, he had come up with Angela to persuade us to go down to the Pacific via Tambobambo, Arequipa, Tacna and Arica. We should take the Esmeralda again, and as Captain Marsden was not to assume the duties of consul for four or five months, he and Angela would accompany us in the bark, and cruising leisurely along the coast, we would call at Islay, Ocoma, Atico, Ica, Pisco, the Chinchas, seeing all we could, learning all that was worth learning, and bringing up finally in Callao, where the Esmeralda would be placed at our service, to sail whither we would, or we left at liberty to go whither we would in the saddle again.

The bare proposition was sufficient, without a word of persuasion. Three-quarters of us were severely sea-sick, so the Amazon expedition went to the winds, and we set about preparations for going at once with Captain Harry and Angela Marsden towards Arica.

The Underground Railway of London.

A New York business man, of great experience in road matters, writes from London under date of January 20, to his friend in this city, naming some of the things he has seen which he likes:

"Not the least is their extensive system of underground railways. It is perfectly wonderful how they jerk the people about, at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour, from one end of the town to another, and across and around—stopping about once every half mile, at some prominent corner, at a station, from which you emerge to the upper air, and find yourself somewhere near were you want to be, and miles from where you where a half or three-quarters of an hour ago. These trains run each way, being double tracks, about every ten minutes; and morning and evening they often consist of seven or eight cars, holding thirty or forty people each. The cars are lighted with gas—not the tunnels, except at stations—so that you can read your papers; and there is no smell of smoke, or sense of suffocation. How they ventilate them so well I can hardly see. If there is any fair show for stock in the New York Underground Railway, I want it."

A New Style of Glass.

The Newburgh Glass Manufactory, at Windsor, New York, has been organised for the manufacture of glass from an extensive vein of ore suited to the purpose, near the Hudson. The glass is called rock-glass. The works of this company were completed and fires started on the 7th ultimo, and ware is now being cast with complete success. This discovery is one of no little importance. The ore contains all the elements of glass—yields 100 per cent., requires only from 8 to 15 per cent. of flux, and leaves no dross. Aside from this element of value, it produces glass of very great elasticity and of unequalled compactness of grain. With very little care an ordinary quart bottle can be used for driving nails, and visitors at the works take pleasure in trying them in that manner. But it is not simply for the ordinary purposes for which glass is used that this discovery will evidently take rank. The metal is easily worked, and is susceptible of the highest polish and ornamentation. Hence it can be used for mantel-pieces, floor tile, knobs, handles, and a variety of purposes where clay is now used, giving more durable and beautiful articles.

☞ It is said that 21,000 Bengalees, belonging to all classes, have signed a petition praying the government to abolish polygamy.

☞ A clerk in a western grocery store broke a customer's jaw bone with the adze, whereupon the said customer tomahawked him with the hatchet. Mercantile life has its little peculiarities in the west.

☞ The Mobile Times says: A lady lately left in destitute circumstances by her husband, yesterday disposed of the last of her earthly possessions—a baby, large enough to be two or three years old. The amount realized was some twenty-five dollars. The "sun-west little thing" was won by a gentleman connected with the typographical department of this office. As he is on the list of old bachelors, it may be asked, in the language of the novelist, "what will he do with it?" The baby is a native of Nuremburg in Germany.

☞ French savants offer a reward of 20,000 francs for the best essay on the "regeneration of the bone." They declare amputation can be superseded by the creation of new bone.

☞ The pontificial authorities at Rome have placed a popular actress, Mlle. Silvioni, under arrest, for kissing on the stage another actress who was playing a male part.

☞ A cigar holder made its appearance in Paris, upon which, after a cigar has been smoked in it for some time, a photograph appears.

☞ If the grovelling catterpillar knew it was to be changed into a butterfly, it would shrink from the transformation.

☞ The Detroit Post calculates that 1,410 million tons of snow fell in the United States last month. This weight is so vast that it is hard to comprehend it. Some idea of it may be gathered, perhaps, from the statement that it is more than ten times the weight of all the wheat grown in the whole United States since the continent of America was discovered by Columbus!

☞ A celebrated wholesale merchant in London, England, has presented the proprietors of *The Telegraph* with a printing press which cost $25,000, as a token of appreciation. In doing so he accompanied the gift by a letter which said: "In your paper, by judicious advertising, I first built the foundation of a fortune—and in your paper, by judicious advertising, I have amassed the fortune which enables me to offer this testimony of regard and good will." American advertisers will please take notice—a good example is always worthy of imitation.

☞ A gentleman who was invited to become President of an oil company, replied that he was neither rich nor poor enough to accept. He was not so poor that he needed the office, and he was not rich enough to remunerate his friends in case the company was a failure.

☞ ROTATION.—A Congregational church near Boston has recently voted to restrict the term of deaconship to one year, that each brother may have a chance to officiate.

☞ GIFT ENTERPRISES.—A Kentucky judge has decided that all persons who have invested money in gift enterprises can sue and recover it in those states where laws exist against gaming, and all games of chance come within the statute.

☞ One of the most notorious robbers that infest the neighborhood of Rome is said to be a former New York ruffian. His name is Rafferty, but he now calls himself Ruffiani.

Have been familiarly known to the American Public for upwards of three-quarters of a century. They speak their own praise wherever planted.

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Whether Country Merchants, Booksellers, Druggists or regular Seedsmen, not already customers of the subscribers, are invited to become such.

OUR WHOLESALE PRICE LIST,

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LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER, 1867,

Containing numerous Hints on Horticulture, will be mailed to all applicants who enclose a two-cent stamp, with their address.

DAVID LANDRETH & SON,

NOS. 21 AND 23 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,

feb 16-4t PHILADELPHIA.

Bulls of Genius.

A contemporary gives a list of bulls of genius, one-half of which, however, cannot be correctly so classed. Three out of six by Dr. Johnson are genuine:—

Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold *what gold can never buy.*

Shakespeare has not only shown human nature as it is, but as it *would be found*, in situations to which it *cannot be exposed.*

The Scottish dialect is likely to become, in half a century, *provincial even to themselves.*

The following is by Cowley:

Silence and horror fill the place around,
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the *sound.*

Few would call the following lines, by Milton, a bull: they exhibit truth, which a close observer often recognises:

The deeds themselves, though *mute, spoke loud*
the doer.

CHILD WHIPPING IN SCHOOL.—It is announced from Cincinnatti that a case which has been pending in the Police Court of that city against a school teacher was decided on Saturday last, the judgment of the Court being that any corporal punishment of a pupil by a teacher is unlawful. The decision exonerated the teacher from any charge of cruel, ill-tempered or excessive punishment. With regard to this subject, a correspondent of the Boston Transcript asks: "Are we civilized?" and says the inquiry is called out by the fact that since the complaints aroused by the flogging of young ladies in the Massachusetts schools, a new method of punishment has been adopted there, which consists in opening the child's mouth and filling it with cayenne pepper. The correspondent who makes this statement may well ask, "Are we civilized?"

A YANKEE, on his travels, writing from New York to a Portland paper, forcibly dwells upon the difficulty he experienced in witnessing a theatrical performance. "There was," says he, "one girl right in front of me with her hair built out so far on the back of her head, that I had to lean back to keep it out of my lap; and when she bent over to look down, this hair 'doings' stuck up in the air so high, that I had to stand up on the chair to see the stage! I set out to crush it, but as I have heard that 'truth crushed to earth will rise again,' I was afraid to touch it, as there was 'more *truth* than poetry' in *that* rig!" The masculine world generally will sympathize with this sufferer.

VERMICULAR.—In New Zealand, as fast as cereals and root crops are planted, the worms and insects that blight and destroy them are found alive and at work, although such worms and insects were never seen in the colony before. The eggs and grubs of these destructive creatures were introduced into the colony with the seed. The New Zealand colonists are now paying twenty shillings a head for every British insectivorous bird that is landed alive in the colony.

☞ A visitor to the Philadelphia market speaks of butter which is "the essence of June mornings caught and imprisoned in glowing globules; the fragrance of clover fields ripening into sweetness in the brooding sunshine; the warm, delicious flavor of new milk foaming in the overflowing bucket."

☞ The Springfield Republican thinks "the coolest thing out in the protective line is a petition for a duty on imported ice. It is wanted to protect our eastern ice-cutters against Blue-nose competition in the Southern markets. The Republican says the protection the Bostonians most need is a prohibitory tariff on the east wind, and we hope they may get it."

☞ Le Place thought the solar system might be improved. He said the moon could be so placed as to be always full.

☞ On the Water Power Loan question, at Augusta, one of the ballots bore the word "Enough." The voter probably intended to make his negative more emphatic than two letters could do it.

☞ A merchant in New York, who failed twice in fifteen years, and was forced to sell his wife's wardrobe to procure the necessaries of life, has just retired with a fortune of $500,000.

☞ A Denver Alderman was injured by the accidental discharge of his duties. Such accidents seldom occur in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from 17@17½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6½@7½c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $10,50 @11 25 ₩ 100 lbs.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Cuthcart, Mr. SAMUEL MARTIN to Miss PRISCILLA ADEL, both of this city.

On the 13th of Feb., by the Rev. G. W. Jerman, Mr. OLIVER J. VAUTIER to Miss REBECCA L. SIMON, both of this city.

On the 3d of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, JAMES CROOKSHANKS to Miss MARGARET PIERCE, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. ALFRED F. LONSDALE to Miss EMMA S. IRIS-GER, both of Germantown, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Feb., ISABELLA HERON, wife of Emanuel Roberts, in her 39th year.

On the 16th of Feb., Mrs. HANNAH SUMMERS, in her 57th year.

On the 15th of Feb., ELIJAH J. DAVIS, in his 47th year.

On the 15th of Feb., Mrs. ELIZABETH FULTON, in her 85th year.

On the 15th of Feb., ELIZABETH CHAPMAN, aged 70 years.

On the 16th of Feb., WILLIAM H. BLAND, in his 21st year.

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

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jan12-13t

NASBY'S "Andrew Johnson's Comic Life and Western Trip." It's rich, contains 40 "Kurnu Kuts." 100,000 sold. Mailed free, 10 for $1; 100 for $8; single copy 20 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. mar2-2t

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.—Tom Brown's JEST BOOK. 19,000 sold weekly. The greatest thing out. Sent, post-paid, together with my catalogue of numerous books. Price 20 cts. Address T. M. FLINT, Hyde Park, Pa. mar2-3t

CANCERS

Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON,

feb2-3m 700 Broadway, New York.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The contents of The Post shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We commenced in the first number of January a new story called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," were so eagerly read in our paper during the past year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from

OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS,

will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

The Post is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

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In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S and SPENCER'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

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" 4.	For 12	"	2.50	" a Doty's Washing Machine, worth - - - 14.00
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" 8.	For 30	"	2.50	" an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth - - 35.00
" 9.	For 30	"	2.50	" a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth - - 55.00
" 10.	For 40	"	2.50	" a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth - 50.00
" 11.	For 50	"	2.50	" a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth - - - 75.00
" 12.	For 50	"	2.50	" Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth - - 80.00
" 13.	For 50	"	2.50	" one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth 70.00
" 14.	For 75	"	2.50	" one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth 110.00
" 15.	For 75	"	2.50	" one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (6 octaves), worth - - - - - - - - - - 110.00
" 16.	For 200	"	2.50	" one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth - - - - - - 200.00
" 17.	For 40	"	2.50	" one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., - - - - - - - 55.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ Remember—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

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If you do not get one Thing you can Another.—We have so arranged the sizes of the clubs, that if you do not always succeed in getting the Premium you want, your labor will not be thrown away, for you will get something.

Remittances.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent to those desirous of getting up clubs, on the receipt of *five cents.*

Not Fastidious.

While cockroaches partake largely of the common articles of diet in the ship's store, they also rather like books, clothes, boots, soap and corks. They are also partial to lucifer matches, and consider the edges of razors and amputating knives delicate eating. As to drink, these animals exhibit the same impartiality. Probably they do prefer wines and spirits, but they nevertheless drink beer with a relish, and even suit themselves to circumstances and imbibe water, either pure or mixed with soap; and if they cannot obtain wine they find in ink a very good substitute. Cockroaches are by no means exempt from the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, and must at times, like human epicures and gourmands, suffer dreadfully from rheums and dyspepsia; for to what else can be attributed their extreme partiality for medicine?

"Every man his own doctor" seems to be their motto; and they appear to attach no more meaning to the word "surgeon" than simply something to eat. As to physic, nothing seems to come wrong with them. As to powders, they invariably roll themselves bodily in them; and tinctures they sip all day long. Blistering plaster seems a patent nostrum, which they take internally, for they have managed to use up two ounces in as many weeks.

A physician one night left a dozen blue pills carelessly exposed; soon after he had turned in he observed the box surrounded by them, and being too lazy to get up he had to submit to see his pills walked off within a few minutes by a dozen roaches, each one carrying a pill. Next morning his floor was strewed with the dead and dying, some exhibiting all the symptoms of an advanced stage of mercurial salivation, and some still swallowing little morsels of pills.

☞ A rich petroleum worker, gaunt as a skeleton and ignorant as a hodman, went to an artist to have his portrait taken. "Will you have it taken in oil or water colors?" inquired the artist. "Oil, of course," replied he: "it comes to me more natural; and, besides, it makes me look somewhat fatter."

☞ A wife who often stormed at her husband was sitting with him at the breakfast table, when suddenly, amid coughs, she exclaimed, "Dear me! a bit of pepper has got into my wind-pipe!" "Hurricane-pipe, you mean," coolly rejoined her sarcastic spouse.

Young Man, You're Wanted!

Under the above heading a lady writes as follows:

A woman wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together. But mark, young man, the woman don't want you if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon or whiskey jug. Neither does she want you if you don't take care of her, and the "little after thoughts," which are pretty sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is too apt to be an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of stovepipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate—she wants you to have learned to regulate your appetite and passions; in short, the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in a good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action, as you require her to be, and without which inward purity neither of you are fit for husband and wife; if you love virtue and abhor vice; if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and not a loud-talking and brutal young man, that woman wants you; that modest, fair, cheerful, right-looking, frank-spoken woman, we mean, who fills your idea of maiden and wife. It is she who wants you—marry her when you like, whether she is rich or poor; we'll trust you both on the above condition without any further security.

☞ There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever, some are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails; some there are who have no brains, others very happy ones; some no hearts, others very bad ones—but all have a stomach.

☞ Toper No. 1—I say, Bill, have a little water in your whiskey?

Toper No. 2—Water! no. I never takes no water in my whiskey; 'cause why, it spoils the whiskey, and don't do the water nary a bit of good.

☞ The most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

Placing a Daughter at School.

"I have brought my daughter to you to be taught every thing."

Dear madam, I've called for the purpose
  Of placing my daughter at school;
She's only thirteen, I assure you,
  And remarkably easy to rule.
I'd have her learn painting and music,
  Gymnastics and dancing, pray do,
Philosophy, grammar and logic,
  You'll teach her to read, of course, too.

I wish her to learn every study,
  Mathematics are down in my plan,
But of figures she scarce has an inkling,
  Pray instruct her in those if you can.
I'd have her taught Spanish and Latin,
  Including the language of France,
Never mind her very bad English,
  Teach her THAT when you have a good chance.

On the harp she must be a proficient,
  And play the guitar pretty soon,
And sing the last opera music
  Even though she can't turn a right tune.
You must see that her manners are finished,
  That she moves with a Hebe-like grace;
For though she is lame and one-sided,
  That's nothing to do with the case.

Now to you I resign this young jewel,
  And my words I would have you obey;
In six months you return her, dear madam,
  Shining bright as an unclouded day.
She's no aptness, I grant you, for learning,
  And her memory oft seems to halt;
But remember, if she's not accomplished,
  It will certainly all be your fault.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER I.

The master and mistress of Green Oake were seated in their drawing-room when Joyce Dormer entered.

When I say the mistress, I make use of a mere form of speech, for Mrs. Carmichael had but little voice in the management of the household. She was a short, plump, submissive-looking woman, with ruddy cheeks and hair that was neither thin nor gray, despite the years that had rolled over her head; and this still luxuriant hair curled in tiny ringlets beneath the borders of her blonde cap.

Why she had married Mr. Carmichael had always been a mystery to her family, since he was a man to whom none of them had ever taken kindly. He was a person of essentially cold exterior, who never seemed to connect himself with them in any way, or to emerge from the ice in which he was imbedded. He was rather an appendage, tacked on by stitches, that appeared in constant danger of giving way, than one who was now part and parcel of the family circle.

No one knew whence he originally came; he turned up, as people sometimes do, and gave out that he had made money in Australia, and had returned to the old country to enjoy it; and, inasmuch as he could substantially prove his wealth to be no fiction, it was of course believed in.

He also gave out that he had fallen in love with Miss Charlotte Dormer, and as he made her an offer of marriage every one was bound to believe that that was true also. And as Miss Charlotte Dormer accepted him, it was naturally to be supposed that she had fallen in love also, at least it was to be hoped so, since in due time, she became Mrs. Carmichael.

In spite of the veil that was thrown over Mr. Carmichael's early history, he was looked upon as a man who was not to be altogether lightly esteemed. He was a man of substance, and the possessor of very fair landed estate. Moreover, he was a staunch supporter of church-rates, and always plumped for the Conservative candidate at the county elections; both of which proceedings were considered vouchers of extreme respectability. Indeed, Mr. Carmichael's characteristic might be said to be eminent respectability. And, doubtless regarding him from this point of sight, Miss Charlotte Dormer's kinsfolk and acquaintance thought it a lucky day for her when she became Charlotte Carmichael. Still he did not make much headway with the Dormer connection, nor did he act as though it was his intention to keep up any very intimate relation with them.

Periodically, as in duty bound, Mrs. Carmichael paid a visit to one or other member of her family, and on these occasions, Mr. Carmichael brought her and fetched her away, though he never remained with her during her stay. If possible, he would leave on the day that he arrived; but if this were not possible, he would take his departure as early as he conveniently could on the day following.

In event of his staying over a night, it was customary to have a state party, to which all the available Dormer clan were invited, together with the squire and his lady, and the vicar and his wife. And, as the squire was a pompous man, with whom the Dormer clan were not on the most intimate terms, it was supposed that the frigidity which pervaded these entertainments was attributable to his presence, for it was not for a moment to be allowed that such a highly creditable connection as Mr. Carmichael could cast a gloom over the family circle. And yet, if each one had spoken freely the thought of his or her heart, it would have been found that Mr. Carmichael, and not the squire, was in fault; though, out of courtesy to Mrs. Carmichael, who was a general favorite, such an opinion was never mooted.

This chilling influence, which seemed to emanate from him, made itself manifest as he advanced to greet Joyce Dormer, a fair, quiet-looking person, whom one scarcely knew whether to term a girl or a woman.

"I do not remember you," said Mr. Carmichael, extending two fingers of his flabby hand; "you must have been a mere child when I was last at Cradlington. What is the name of *your* niece?" he asked, with a strong emphasis on the possessive pronoun, and turning to his wife.

"Joyce," she answered.

"Joyce," repeated Mr. Carmichael, and he paused; then, after a moment's reflection he added, "Joyce Anne, or Joyce Elizabeth, or Joyce Jane, or—?"

"Only Joyce," interrupted the girl in a low tone.

He looked coldly and sternly at her, but whether in anger at the interruption, or in deprecation of her name, she could not determine.

"I am sorry to hear it," said he; "had there been any reasonable second name we might have called you by it. As there is not, it cannot be helped, though I must remark that I consider Joyce as an exceedingly inappropriate name for a young woman."

"My mother's name was Joyce," observed Mrs. Carmichael, timidly.

"I regret that it should have been so, Charlotte," replied her husband, "as it forces upon me the unpleasant conviction that her parents could not have been people of sense."

"My grandfather and my grandmother—" began Mrs. Carmichael; but Mr. Carmichael stopped her.

"Are dead, and therefore we have nothing further to do with them. It is with the living we have to deal, and since your niece has the misfortune to be called Joyce, we must make the best of the circumstance. I presume that it will prove no obstacle to her doing her duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased the Lord in His providence to call her.

Here Miss Dormer, had she framed her thoughts into speech, would have ejaculated "Hypocrite!" For she was not favorably impressed with her aunt's husband. But she gave no utterance to her sentiments, and Mr. Carmichael went on as though he were reciting something he had previously noted down.

"Your father," said he, "died deeply in debt. The house, the household effects, and what little property he was possessed of at the time of his death, are insufficient to meet the demands of his creditors. Therefore you are left dependent on the bounty of your relatives. I have permitted your aunt to offer you a home, and I trust that you will give me no cause to repent a step that I have somewhat against my judgment been induced to take. Whilst under my roof—"

Here Joyce Dormer was about to burst forth indignantly, and to protest that she would not remain under Mr. Carmichael's roof, but, seeing that she was going to speak, he waved his hand to enforce silence.

"Another day, another day," said he; "I know all that naturally must arise in your heart, but I require no thanks. A good deed is its own reward. Doubtless grateful words fall pleasantly on the ear, but they are a temptation. I would do good for its own sake."

"But you do not understand," began the girl, half choked with indignation.

"Your feelings have overcome you," returned Mr. Carmichael; "I receive your thanks as though they had been spoken. In future, however, remember that I object to scenes. I consider all emotion as to be avoided."

So saying he left the room.

The girl turned to her aunt.

"Aunt Lotty, Aunt Lotty," said she, for her words came freely now that the chill presence was removed, "I cannot stay here, I will go away, I will do anything—I will be a dressmaker, a housemaid, anything sooner than stay here."

"No, no," answered Mrs. Carmichael, soothingly, "you will understand Mr. Carmichael better when you know him, dear; he is a very good man"—here she looked nervously round—"very upright and conscientious; he felt it his duty to speak openly. He always does, whatever it may cost him."

"He always does, whatever it may cost him," mentally repeated Joyce; "poor aunt, poor aunt!"

"It was your poor father's wish, Joyce, that in case anything happened to him, you should come to me. Your father was very fond of me, and I've no children of my own, and I feel as if some one who would be like a daughter to me would be a great comfort."

The girl bent a glance of scrutiny on her aunt, and pondered as to how far trouble might affect her, as it certainly had taken no effect upon her in a personal point of view, for she was no less stout and no less ruddy than she used to be. But then Mrs. Carmichael's temper was placidity itself, and under the tyranny of Mr. Carmichael—for Joyce unhesitatingly assumed that he was a tyrant—she might have fallen into a state of complete and contented slavery.

Mr. Carmichael's own niece is coming to live here, is she not?" said Joyce, suddenly, her thoughts flying off in a new direction.

"Yes, dear; but she is a stranger. I never knew that Mr. Carmichael had any relations until about a month since; and then he went down somewhere in the south to see a sister who was dying, and to arrange that Miss Carmichael should come here. He has suddenly found out that there is some large property that ought to be hers, and he's been writing and writing to his lawyer about it. But I don't know anything about it, and I never ask Mr. Carmichael any questions; he does not like it. If there's anything that he wishes me to know, he tells me at the right time, for you see I never could understand much of business matters."

"Miss Carmichael is an heiress, then?"

"Yes, dear, but you need not say anything about it. I don't know about it, and I daresay I ought not to talk. Mr. Carmichael has not known about it long, but it seems to occupy him a good deal; and he's very anxious that his niece should be taught something, for I think she's been rather neglected, and he doesn't want to send her to school, and he thought, as you are said to be a clever girl, Joyce, that you'd be a help in the matter; and I was only too thankful to think of having you with me."

Mrs. Carmichael's lips quivered, and two tears stole into her eyes, but she wiped them away immediately and said that she had a scratching at her throat. Joyce put her arms round her and would have kissed her, but Mrs. Carmichael drew back hastily.

"No, no, dear, don't kiss me; Mr. Carmichael objects to anything demonstrative, and if he should ask me, it will be better to be able to say that we have not kissed each other. But we can love each other all the same."

"We can," returned Joyce, in a determined voice; and it seemed to her as though they were entering into a silent compact against Mr. Carmichael.

"You will like to see your room," said Mrs. Carmichael, leading the way up stairs.

They mounted a fine old staircase with handsomely carved balustrade, and landed on a long gallery that seemed to run from one end of the house to the other, with doors on either side.

Mrs. Carmichael opened the door of a small room over the porch; it was very plainly furnished, and there was no bed in it.

"You are to sleep here," said Mrs. Carmichael, opening another door to the right of it, and entering a large chamber very handsomely fitted up, which had a communication with the small apartment first mentioned.

"This is Miss Carmichael's room. I believe she is timid and dislikes being alone at nights, so I have moved the little bed out of the porch-room into this corner."

"Yes—"

"And the porch-room you can make into a sitting-room. I hope you will like it," said Mrs. Carmichael, looking anxiously at her niece; "though it's not so well furnished as the large room," and she passed into the smaller chamber where Joyce's two boxes and a portmanteau were standing. "I think you had nothing else," said she.

"Nothing," replied Joyce.

"Well, then, I will leave you to unpack and arrange your affairs."

And Mrs. Carmichael went away.

Two boxes and a portmanteau, there they stood, containing the whole of Joyce Dormer's worldly possessions.

She took out her purse, there was a five-pound note wrapped up in a piece of paper at one end, and two sovereigns and some silver at the other.

And what was she to do when that was gone? She was an orphan, dependent, as Mr. Carmichael had said, upon the bounty of her relatives. And sitting down she leaned her arms on the window-sill, and her heart filled with grief and indignation.

There is something very soothing in looking upon a beautiful landscape, and Joyce's eye fell upon a very beautiful one. She saw it through an archway made by a couple of majestic beech trees that stood in front of the house. It was a quiet country scene, telling of peace and plenty; the corn in the nearer fields was being gathered in; the church was seen in the distance, its gray tower half-concealed in glossy masses of ivy, whose leaves glittered with golden edges as the sunlight fell upon them. Farther away still rose the dark woods already turning gray as evening drew near and the sun sank slowly. Gray, ah, no, not gray, for a hazy cloud of gold seemed to float over them, and their outlines were only just visible through the brilliant veil.

As Joyce steadfastly gazed on the scene before her, it seemed as though some mysterious power were breathing comfort to her soul; as though Mother Earth were whispering, "Peace, peace, art thou not my child? Be comforted, for brightness as well as gloom hath a place in this world."

And the soft wind stealing through the sweet-scented clematis rolled a cloud of rare perfume into the little room, and was, as it were, incense upon the altar that had risen up before her; and the song of the birds was as a far-off chorus, that by its melody lulled asleep the indignation that had been awakened in her breast.

A beautiful butterfly flew in and rested upon the hand that lay quite still upon the window-frame, and when it had remained long enough to rivet her attention to its marvellous coloring, it fluttered its wings and flew upward, upward, until she could see it no longer. Her thoughts soared after it, and rose higher than the gay insect's flight. And she learned two lessons.

Ah! but would all this calm feeling remain in Mr. Carmichael's presence?

Joyce was not sure, but her aunt's quivering lips and her words, "your father wished you to be with me," came into her mind.

"But not with Mr. Carmichael," she added, half interrogatively; "nevertheless, I am determined to make trial for a time of my new home."

Before long Joyce had unpacked and disposed of all her property to her entire satisfaction. The few books were placed on a shelf against the wall; her desk on the round table in front of the window. And from her desk she took a little book that was closed with a lock. It was half filled with writing, the latter part of which was blurred and illegible; short entries, some half a dozen words at a time. It was the record of the last few months of her sorrow-time, after some twenty years of tranquil happiness.

She took a pen, and on the last blurred page wrote,

"Here endeth a past and buried life."

And at the top of the next page,

"The diary of a new life."

Joyce had always had a fancy for being an authoress, and her diary was to be her first work.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Carmichael was a man of average height and inclined to be stout. His complexion was whitey-brown, and his hair, which lacked the redundancy of his wife's tresses, dark and lank. His eyes were sharp and bead-like, though he had the faculty of withdrawing all brightness from them, when they would assume a fixed and almost stupid stare. They were so placed in his head as to bring before one the physiognomy of a horse, a peculiarity often noticeable in human faces. His lips, which were very thin, were perhaps his most remarkable feature, as in them lay his chief power of expression. One twitch of them would alter the whole look of his face, though not a muscle in the rest of it should move. Mr. Carmichael always spoke in a slow monotonous drawl. Seldom, even if excited, did he raise his voice; indeed, if anything, he appeared at such times to speak more slowly and in a lower tone than usual.

He always dressed in black, and wore a white tie, presenting somewhat the appearance of a dissenting minister in comfortable circumstances. Perhaps this style of dress was in keeping with his general bearing, dress being to a certain extent the indicator of the inner man. At any rate, it commanded a certain sort of respect from his poorer neighbors, in whose eyes the glossy broad-cloth, delicate cambric, and thick gold chain bore unequivocal token of confirmed respectability.

Mr. Carmichael had taken up farming as a pursuit. He had time on his hands which he wished to occupy, and, having a turn for chemistry and no lack of means whereby to try experiments, his crops turned out better than any in the county, and yielded him a good profit in addition to the amusement he derived from their culture.

He had bought Green Oake principally on account of the farm that was to be sold with the estate, for the house was larger than he would otherwise have cared to have. It possessed, too, in the eyes of Mr. Carmichael, another recommendation: it was not within easy distance of neighbors, the only house near being the property of an elderly gentleman, who lived in London, and never came down to it. His house was, therefore, shut up, as its owner, from some caprice or other, refused to let it. Now, Mr. Carmichael disliked society, and therefore felt that at Green Oake he could not be called upon to enter into any, as a drive of from ten to fifteen miles might be looked upon as a reasonable excuse for declining a dinner invitation.

But elderly gentlemen cannot live for ever; and in process of time the elderly gentleman in London died, and the estate passed into the hands of a younger man, a nephew of the deceased.

Mr. Carmichael was exceedingly irate when this came to pass; but, as he could neither prevent the man's dying nor his nephew coming into possession, he was obliged to make the best of it; but he announced to his wife soon after the arrival of the new-comers that he did not intend to visit them.

"I have excellent and unanswerable reasons for this decision, Charlotte, though at present it is not necessary to explain them to you," said he.

Now Mrs. Carmichael had, in common with most other women, a very fair share of curiosity, and she had already been making inquiries in divers directions, and had discovered that Mr. Gresford Lynn came from abroad, that he had a beautiful wife and three lovely children, the eldest a fine boy, about a year old; the two younger, twin-girls, only a few weeks old. And Mrs. Carmichael's heart yearned after the children; she was devotedly fond of children, and would now and then steal into the cottage of some young mother for the mere gratification of holding the baby in her arms for a moment. But these visits were few and far between, as Mr. Carmichael strongly objected to the poor being visited, on the ground that such visits encouraged pauperism.

Why, Mrs. Carmichael never had had the courage to inquire, nor, if she had made the inquiry, would she have had the power to argue against it. As Mr. Carmichael had enunciated the sentiment, she was bound to believe in it, for great was her belief in her husband's infallibility.

But now that a neighbor in her own rank in life had arrived with children, and such beautiful children, her heart leaped within her as she pondered over the source of pleasure within her grasp, and her heart sank in proportion as she listened to Mr. Carmichael's announcement.

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Carmichael, "you will in no way take the least notice of these Gresford Lynns."

Mr. Carmichael, being an autocrat, knew that the matter was settled. And therefore Mrs. Carmichael's pleasure was curtailed to looking at Mrs. Gresford Lynn in church, and to seeing the children with their nurses, when she approached nearer than usual the outskirts of Lynncourt.

Within a year of the Gresford Lynns' arrival at their new home, sorrow had visited them; the twin sisters were laid in the grave, and the boy's life was despaired of. However, he recovered from the fever that had carried off the little girls.

Then another child—a boy—was born; and then Mrs. Gresford Lynn's health began to give way. And poor Mrs. Carmichael noted it all from afar, and her sympathetic heart grieved silently that it could offer no aid or succor to her sorrowing neighbor. Mrs. Carmichael was a woman of sympathetic nature, and had had no one to lavish it upon, for Mr. Carmichael did not require sympathy. She had, therefore, anticipated Joyce's arrival as the beginning of a new epoch in her existence; her brother's child would make up to her for the want she had felt throughout her married life.

And being somewhat off her guard, she greeted Joyce, when she came down to breakfast, rather more warmly than was her wont, and was immediately made uncomfortably sensible of it by a short cough from Mr. Carmichael, and the measured tone in which he said,

"Good morning. I hope you have recovered from the fatigues of yesterday."

Very little conversation took place during breakfast; and when they rose from the table, Mr. Carmichael, turning to his niece, said in a solemn voice—he always spoke in a solemn voice, even about the most trivial matters, and his requests at dinner-time, even to "potatoes," were like tragic petitions issuing from a sepulchre. (I give this simile because "whited sepulchre" appears rather an appropriate epithet for the master of Green Oake.)

But to return.

Mr. Carmichael said in a solemn voice, "Joyce,—since you must be called Joyce,—put on your hat, and I will show you the new kitchen-garden."

Joyce put on her hat, but with small expectation of seeing the new kitchen-garden. She felt intuitively that Mr. Carmichael had some other motive for asking her to accompany him. When she had been longer at Green Oake she found out that Mr. Carmichael had a prejudice in favor of ostensible reasons.

As she expected, the new kitchen-garden was left to the right, and she followed her companion to the willow-walk by the river-side. There he motioned her to sit down.

She sat down, and Mr. Carmichael, sitting beside her, delivered, in the reciting manner of the previous evening, the following speech:—

"I am this evening expecting my niece, Miss Carmichael. She is the daughter of a sister of mine, who married a cousin. This accounts for the similarity of name. Her father died when she was an infant, and owing to some family quarrel, I never saw her mother again. Indeed, I had lost sight of her, and supposed her dead. But this was not the case; she died only about a month ago in a remote village in the south of England, and on her death-bed wrote a letter to me, committing her daughter to my charge."

Here Mr. Carmichael paused, and passed his hand across his forehead, as though he were trying to remember what came next. After a moment he proceeded, s

"My sister's means being limited, she could give the girl no advantages of education. I now wish to make up for this, and yet I do not care to send her to school. I must have my only relative with me," he sighed. "An only relative is too precious to part with."

"Sometimes," observed Joyce, dryly.

Mr. Carmichael looked up quickly; then he continued, in the same measured tone,

"You are right, Joyce—sometimes. It depends upon the measure of gratitude that one meets with."

Was this intended as a cut? If so, it fell unheeded.

"I wish no one," Mr. Carmichael went on, "to do a service for me without emolument. I shall, therefore, pay you a certain stipend annually for superintending the future education of my niece. This will enable you to feel more independent than you might otherwise do."

Joyce felt obliged to him for that, at anyrate, and she told him so. Then she waited to hear what further he might have to say, for there was evidently something more to come.

Mr. Carmichael coughed once or twice, gave a prefactory hem, and again resumed his speech.

"I wish to mention one other point. I have lately discovered that my niece is heiress to a large property, now illegally held by others. Illegally, illegally," he repeated; "in unworthy hands, from which it must be wrested, unless it be given up with a good grace, which it never will be. But," said he, almost in a whisper, "secrecy as to means and movements is necessary for some time, in order that I may carry out all my arrangements. Therefore, at present, I merely give out that Miss Carmichael is an heiress. I think you now understand the position of affairs. You are said to be a clever girl, Joyce, and you have, I know, received great advantages in your education, greater perhaps than your father was warranted in giving you. But that is a thing of the past. Let me beg of you to turn them to account now, and so render yourself independent in some degree whilst you are under my roof."

The color rushed into Joyce Dormer's face as Mr. Carmichael concluded his oration, and an angry answer was rising, but the girl had a strong will. She had made a resolve the night before, and she determined to carry it out. She would stay for a time at any rate; so she mastered her indignation, and remained quietly waiting for any further remarks that Mr. Carmichael might desire to make.

Apparently he had come to an end of his recitations, for he too was silent.

"Is there anything else you wish to say?" asked Joyce, at last.

"Nothing," replied Mr. Carmichael. "I have explained the matter as far as it is necessary to explain it."

"Yes," returned Joyce, though she had a vague sense that there was something unsatisfactory that she could neither define nor fathom.

"And you understand the part you have to take?"

"Perfectly. How old is Miss Carmichael?"

"About eighteen."

"Will she care to continue her education?" asked Joyce.

"Under my roof," replied Mr. Carmichael, authoritatively, "people have no will of their own." Certainly Mrs. Carmichael had none, but whether Mr. Carmichael would find it to be the case with his new inmates remained to be proved.

"Then there is nothing else for me to hear?"

"No, you can go and make yourself useful to your aunt; I do not like idle people."

Joyce went to Mrs. Carmichael; but Mrs. Carmichael, in spite of her husband's dislike to idle people, had very little to do. No responsibility being allowed to rest upon her, the poor woman was obliged, out of sheer necessity, to spend her days in "strenuous idleness," but, as her fingers were always moving upon some piece of work or other, Mr. Carmichael conceived that she was fulfilling the destiny of woman.

The work she was engaged upon now was a set of knitted counterpanes and toilet covers for every room in the house; some were of very elaborate patterns, and there was something quite touching in the patient air with which she daily sat down to her self-imposed task.

"It was a great while," said Mrs. Carmichael to her niece, "before I could think of a long piece of work, but I've found one at last."

"Let me help you, Aunt Lotty?" said Joyce.

"Help me, my dear," replied Aunt Lotty; "no, no, that would never do, I should get them finished much too soon; I want them to last me as long as possible, for what shall I do when they are all knitted?"

There was a hopelessness in the tone of the speaker that told how dreary her life must be.

But Joyce replied cheerfully,

"What do you think of netted curtains to all the windows, Aunt Lotty, and netted curtains to drape the French beds with?"

Aunt Lotty left off knitting and looked up at Joyce with an expression of intense relief upon her countenance.

"I always knew you were a clever girl, Joyce; who but you would have thought of such a thing, and all in a moment too? You can't think how much obliged I am to you. It will be work for years. I knew you would be a comfort to me."

And whether it was the prospect of having something to do for some time to come, or whether it was that Joyce's conversation was more cheering to Mrs. Carmichael than what she was generally accustomed to, may be left as an open question; one thing, however, was very palpable, and that was that poor Mrs. Carmichael had not spent so pleasant a morning for many a day as the one she was now enjoying with her niece in the bay-window.

And Joyce looked out on the close-shaven lawn and the flower-beds, where the last of the crimson roses were blooming amidst the heliotrope and scarlet geraniums. She was idle according to Mr. Carmichael's definition of the word, and yet she was busy doing a work that he had neglected. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Artificial Nests.

Artificial birdnests are now made in Switzerland under the direction of the societies formed for the protection of insectivorous birds. One of the members of a society of this description, who inhabits Vevey, having observed that many species of that kind selects for nests the holes they find in the trunks of rotten trees, and that they consequently do not find it easy to settle in orchards where all the trees are in good condition, began, twenty-five years ago, to set up rotten trunks in his grounds; and since then he has no need to trouble himself in the least about clearing away caterpillars, that care being left entirely to his winged guests, who perform their duty admirably. His neighbors, on the contrary, who have not had this foresight, have had their orchards laid waste by a host of voracious insects. The Yverdun Society have gone the length of placing artificial nests even in public walks and communal forests, on the borders of the lawns, etc. All those nests are now inhabited by hedge-sparrows, redstarts, creepers, and tomtits, all which may be found in Switzerland as high up as the perpetual snow-line. The same practice has found its way into Germany.

☞ The following atrocious conundrum is out, and the inventor has the temerity to ask for a patent: Suppose a Queen resolve to pare off her thumb nail only once in seven years, why is that like the said Queen's robes of office? Because its her pare-off-her-nail-year.

☞ Be chary in giving advice. If it shall prove good it will be forgotten; if it shall prove bad it will never be forgotten.

THE WATER-MILL.

Listen to the Water-Mill,
Through the livelong day—
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the weary hours away.
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stirs the withered leaves;
On the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Summer winds revive no more
Leaves strewn o'er earth and main;
And the sickle ne'er can reap
The gathered grain again;
And the rippling stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep, and still—
Never gliding back again
To the Water-Mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart, and true;
Golden years are fleeting by—
Youth is passing, too.
Learn to make the most of life;
Lose no happy day!
Time will ne'er return again
Sweet chances thrown away.
Leave no tender word unsaid—
But love while love shall last:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Work, while yet the sun does shine,
Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not until to-morrow's sun
Beams brightly on thy way;
All that thou can'st call thine own
Lies in the phrase "To-day!"
Power, intellect, and blooming health
May, will not always last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life
That have swiftly drifted by!
Oh! the good we might have done!
Gone! lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single kindly word!
Thoughts conceived, but ne'er expressed,
Perishing unpen'd, unheard!
Take the proverb to thy soul!
Take, and clasp it fast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

I have thus endeavored quietly
A serious lesson to impart;
Oh! pass it not o'er lightly,
But bind it to thine heart.
And when the fight of life is o'er,
And earth recedes from view—
And Heaven in all its glory shines,
'Midst the pure, the good, the true—
Then you'll understand more clearly
The proverb, deep and vast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

OUT OF THE WORLD.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

CHAPTER III.

RESTING IN THE OASIS.

The clouds cleared from Emilia's horizon quickly as they had gathered. When they returned to the caravanseral she busied herself, blithe as a bird, with the children, tying on Charles's pinafore, cutting Marie's bread-and-butter, holding baby even whilst Mademoiselle Francine breakfasted. The old colonel, who admired feminine beauty and brightness above everything, looked on admiringly, and as to his little wife, she grew almost absurdly enthusiastic in her approbation. The children, too, after the manner of children, hung about their new friend caressingly, daubing her pretty cambric dress with their coffee-besmeared little fingers, and her cheeks with their sugar-besmeared little mouths. But Emilia loved admiration, especially when demonstrated in Harold's presence, and she submitted to the martyrdom with an excellent grace. To Harold the involuntary and invariable fascination his wife exercised was a constant source of marvel. He was eminently unpopular—unpopular with men, with women, with children; and the worst of it was that he did not much concern himself about this unpopularity, except where it had interfered with professional advancement. He liked to see Emilia handle intractable natures as successfully as serpent-tamers, and he triumphed in the thought that her own intractable nature was equally pliable in his hands, but here ambition ended. He did not see the need of popularity as far as personal comfort was concerned, and he thought of it as easy of attainment when convenient.

"It will be a sad bore to us, Emmy," he said, as he helped her to mount, "all this overwhelming friendliness, I mean."

"A great blessing to me when you have got ideas, as you express it, and leave me to amuse myself as best I can," answered Emilia, with humor. Then, touching her little Arab horse somewhat smartly with her whip, she rode on with the colonel, leaving Harold half-pleased and half-angry. He felt with regard to Emilia that, like Cleopatra, "time could not stale her infinite variety," and though her vivacity was wont to be a little teasing at times, it chained him more and more.

All that day, for instance, no lover was more impatient than he for a *tête a tête*, and yet she persistently reserved all her pretty talk for the colonel. In vain Harold dismounted to pluck her such flowers as she loved; in vain he feigned a most inquisitorial displeasure; in vain he pretended to find Madame Challamel delightful. Emilia never altered from her wilful mood. The colonel, a plain, homely man, who had risen from the ranks, interested her very little, and she loved Harold with a passionate love, but it suited her humor to try her power now and then.

Harold and his wife, with the colonel and Madame Challamel were excellently mounted, but the children and servants were packed in a heavy open vehicle, which had great ado to keep up to them. After awhile Madame Challamel asked the painter to fall back with her a little.

"The poor children don't like to have us long out of sight, and, to tell you the truth, I am somewhat tired of such desperate riding."

"Desperate, do you call it?" Gower said, sarcastically.

"We have come fast, haven't we? but I forget what riders you English are. And Madame, too, she has the courage of an Amazon, though such a delicate look."

Harold's face grew a shade paler.

"She is by no means delicate, I assure you," he said; "she has never been ill in her life."

"But you must take care of her," answered Madame Challamel, shaking her head; "she is too *vive* and too easily excited. And how odd it is that she should have taken a dislike to society at her age?"

Harold was silent. The question suddenly arose to his mind whether it would not be wiser to entrust this sympathetic little creature with their secret. As he looked upon the kindly face, and listened to the pleasant voice, again and again it came on his lips. But he reflected that Emilia should at least be consulted before taking such a step, and, on her account, refrained for the present.

He could not forget Madame Challamel's words—"She has such a delicate look;" and though he disbelieved in them utterly, they caused him great pain. When, an hour later, he overtook Emilia at the gates of the little station of Teniet, he forgot to be reproachful, and only looked long and searchingly at her face.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with a slight accession of color. "I've been very naughty, I know, but I can't be stared into repentance as Francine stares Charles."

"Are you sure that these rough roads are not knocking you up?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully tired!" and here the little lady yawned; "and hungry, too. But I enjoy it above everything; so put away dismalities, there's a good Harold; and as soon as ever we get to the inn, ask for some bread-and-butter for me."

The "inn" proved to be a miserable little place, with one saloon for everybody's use and nobody's in particular, and Emilia made a *moue* of disgust at the prospect of spending some weeks there. In the upper end of the saloon were French soldiers and spahis playing billiards, dining, and smoking, whilst the bedroom, which was only accessible by means of an outdoor ladder, had no pretensions to cleanliness whatever. The weather, moreover, was intensely cold, for within the last few hours they had climbed to a considerable height above the level of the sea; and all the mountains lying round the little fort were tipped with snow.

Emilia and Harold were not disposed, however, to make themselves miserable under any circumstances, when once their little quarrel had been settled; and after a plentiful meal of bread-and-butter and hot wine, the little lady looked the very picture of health. Harold called for some cedar logs from below, and made a blazing fire; Emilia put on a pretty light-colored dress, and flitted about the lumber-heaped bedroom in extravagant spirits; everything called forth her mirth—the row of *zahots* here, the old spinning-wheel there, the pots of quince jam, and the unreadable French novels packed together, the cobwebs and confusion abounding everywhere.

"Oh, Harold, what a dirty, dusty, dingy place for two tidy English people like us to be shut up in! How I wish I had learned to sweep and scrub at school instead of German and those useless things!—then I could have made you comfortable now."

"I'm as comfortable as can be," said Harold, touching up his sketches by the fire, "except when somebody stands in my light."

"Always thinking of your lights and shadows!" she cried, discontentedly.

"But you yourself wish me to paint good pictures and be talked about—"

"Yes—if it could be done without trouble and without so much prating of lights and shadows—"

"Emilia, you are too absurd."

Just then a low tap was heard at the door, and the Colonel entered, beaming with hospitality. Monsieur and Madame Gower must dine with him that very evening, and to-morrow, if Monsieur liked, they would leave the ladies to amuse themselves, and have a little sport. The painter was not much of a sportsman, and said so, adding, graciously, he liked, however, to see sport very much. Then he showed the old officer his sketches made on the way, which were admired in an unofficial but hearty fashion; and after some further talk, the three went off together.

Nothing could be pleasanter and prettier than the phase of French domestic life, which now opened upon the painter and his young wife. From the first day of their arrival at Teniet, Madame Challamel took upon herself as a duty the task of shielding Emilia from *ennui*, whilst the Colonel carried Harold off to hunt the gazelle, or shoot hyenas, and was never easy unless occupied with hospitality. It would be hard to say who were the best amused—the men with their sport, or the ladies with their walks and prattle—but all found the days brief and bright. Of course, Harold grumbled and satirized, and Emilia said some smart things about the Colonel's homeliness and Madame's little vanities; but they liked their host and hostess, nevertheless, and testified their liking. It was a wholesome atmosphere for any one to breathe, and especially wholesome for Harold and Emilia. They had seldom seen such harmony as existed between the Colonel and his wife, though the former was a blunt old soldier, and the latter an accomplished young lady, whom he had brought straight from Paris into the wilds of Africa. He adored her, she reverenced him; and though she wore exquisite toilettes, and her children played about, sometimes looking the veriest little tatterdemalions imaginable, she managed her *ménage*, on the whole, admirably.

Harold and Emilia had lived so long among the stars that it was good for both to feel realities palpable and near. Love that partakes of the nature of passion is sure to re-act after a time, and they found themselves growing daily more and more sensible to outer influences. They were none the less happy. Harold felt flattered by the liking showed for himself and the admiration bestowed on his beautiful young wife, whilst Emilia liked the novelty of running about with the children, making toilettes for a dinner at the barracks, and accompanying the gentlemen on their rides. Harold meantime did some really good work, and though there was no one at Teniet to appreciate it, he felt elated and happy.

The scenery, too, was like wine to his artistic temperament. The rich eastern coloring of the mountains, the wonderful foliage of the valleys, the vastness and solitariness of the plain, the awful beauty of the cedar forest, awakened in him a fever of enthusiasm which could not be stayed. He was no longer the cold, calculating critic, but the ardent, aspiring creator. Nothing satisfied him but endeavors after the highest and most most mysterious beauty. Nothing rejoiced him but work.

"Harold," Emilia said one day, "you won't want a wife much longer, you love your pictures almost as well now."

"I love you so well that I cannot love my art more," he answered.

"But at one time you would not let me be out of your sight for an hour."

"That is true, and yet I never loved you as well as now. Can't you understand it, Emilia? Not a stroke of my pencil but is a tacit homage to you."

She said, frowningly, that she could not understand it. He frowned, too, and never looked up from his sketch-book.

"My darling, you must understand it. Look into your own heart. Are you not sensible of a revolution that has taken place since we knew each other? Do not your love for me and your sacrifices for me elevate your whole life and character? There is this difference between us, that I am an artist, and the highest moral influences express themselves in my work, whilst you—"

"Whilst I am a woman," she interrupted, with a smile and a shudder, "and don't know much about high moral influences, I think."

"Emilia," he said, dashing on his paint with a gesture of almost desperate impatience, "beautiful as you are, and bewitching as you are, you cannot afford, no woman can afford, to be otherwise than good."

"I'm not really good. How can I be? Though it doesn't matter so long as it's a secret between you and me," she said, dropping her eyelids.

"I own no such secret."

"That is because you still love me foolishly, then."

"Reason out the facts as you may," he answered, "only don't make a pretence of ignoring moral influences any more."

Seeing that he was greatly vexed, Emilia was silent, though she could not forget his words or think of them without uneasiness; "*beautiful and bewitching as you are, you cannot afford to be otherwise than good*," he had said, and she read the speech as one reads signboards by lightning. She had laid her hand to the plough and would not have looked back for worlds, even were looking back possible, but she could not content herself after the manner of Harold.

Whilst he carried to his work the happy moods induced by an ardent and reciprocated passion, she was thrown upon her own resources more and more. When the first novelty of Madame Challamel's society had worn off, moreover, and she no longer cared to coquet with the Colonel or dress dolls for the children, life at Teniet grew a little less delightful than it had at first been. "I think we have lived long enough out of the world, Harold," she would say. "Let us journey back to Algiers and get within reach of a little amusement, and our *semblables*." Whereupon Harold would make a hundred lover-like excuses for having allowed her to be dull, and for a day or two would minister to her pleasure as unremittingly as he had first done.

She rewarded him with a bright face and an irresistible mood of sportiveness, he never guessing that the brightness and sportiveness were effected, and then he imagined her to be a little *ennuyée* or anxious, and suggested that she should make a confidante of Madame Challamel.

"I feel quite sure," he urged, "from all that I know of her, you would but doubly secure her friendship and interest. She knows the world, and would fully recognise our position."

"But you said the other day that no woman can afford not to be good. And I like Madame Challamel. Supposing that she saw fit to turn her back upon me."

"Pshaw, I know her better."

"You think you know everything," she cried, a little flippantly; "now, I am quite sure that if I took Madame Challamel into my confidence Teniet would hardly be a Paradise."

Gower's brow clouded. He feared that something had happened to disenchant Teniet in Emilia's eyes already.

"Only say the word and we will go," he said, "you know my first wish is to make you happy."

She kissed him with an outburst of childish gratitude.

"If you would but go: if you would but go!"

"We will go the day after to-morrow."

"And why not to-morrow?"

"The Challamels have arranged to go with us to the cedar forest—which you have not yet seen."

"Oh, what is a cedar forest to me? I am no artist."

"My darling, I must beg of you not to be flippant where things so sacred as art and fine scenery are concerned. It is absolutely necessary that you see this, one of the grandest sights of the country."

She would not yield the point, however. At last he asked her reasons with a simple seriousness that was not natural to him. He disliked seriousness, and he was not usually given to straightforward speaking.

But she refused to be questioned, taking refuge in such wilful woman's reasons as these: "But I wish it and so should you;" or, "I want to go because I want, that is all." He felt half inclined to give way, partly because he prided himself on his chivalric devotion to her, partly because he guessed that it was for his own happiness to leave Teniet also. For how could he be happy whilst Emilia vexed him with these caprices? The caprices made her all the more captivating in his eye, but only when she seemed quite happy. A shade of vexation but flitted across her face, and the whole heavens seemed darkened on a sudden.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST DAY IN PARADISE.

Early next morning all the population of Teniet turned out to see the cavalcade start for the cedar forest. Among the gazers were black-bearded Jews, in the national costume of blue pantaloons and stockings, tasseled turban and embroidered vest, hoary old Moors standing like statues in their white burnooses, roguish little Arabs, ever ready to joke and jeer at the Roumis, veiled women stealing amongst the crowd like ghosts, Spahis and Turcos soldiers; lastly, the *gamins*, that are sure to crop up

wherever the French civilization takes root. Upon Harold's artistic eye neither the glow nor the character of this little scene were lost. He noticed with delight what a bit of blue, scarlet, or lilac drapery could be, when seen through the medium of an African atmosphere, and went into violent raptures with the wild and varied physiognomies around him. The cavalcade was hardly less picturesque than the crowd. First rode a Spahis, wrapt to the chin in scarlet burnouse, and wearing riding-boots of glorious crimson leather; next followed the ladies, accompanied by their attendant knights, and Madame Challamel, in her character of hostess, leading the way. She looked extremely pretty in her coquettish Amazon dress, and rode with a certain timid grace that contrasted strongly with Emilia's dashing horsemanship. Madame Challamel rode between her husband and a young lieutenant fresh from St. Cyr, both wearing the gay dress of the Hussars. Emilia followed after, and the heart of the painter bounded as he gazed at her. Certainly she looked lovely; a pale green veil shaded her delicately-flushed cheek, and her supple perfect figure never showed to better advantage than when on horseback. On her left rode another of the Colonel's fellow-officers, a polished, handsome man of forty, quite ready to do homage to the beautiful English-woman; whilst, following in the rear, and all excellently mounted, came two or three more ladies and gentlemen, and a couple of Arab servants.

The weather was cold, and though the sky was clear overhead, stray snow-flakes were blown in their faces now and then, and every forward step seemed to bring them into a colder region. After passing under the western gate of the little settlement, they commenced a gradual ascent, and in about two hours found themselves on the verge of the cedar forest.

Here the little party halted for lunch. The ground was covered with rugs and burnouses, the horses were allowed to feed, and the saddle-bags were produced. Whilst the other men made themselves generally useful, Gower brought out his color-box and sketched the little bivouac, contriving at the same time to have a *tete a tete* with his wife.

"How much wiser you women are than we!" he said; "I should have gone on staying here for years without discovering what you have done in a couple of weeks."

"And what is that?"

"Madame Challamel, with all her pretty ways and affected rusticities, is as rigid where conventionalism is concerned, as the veriest old maid in England going."

Emilia, who had been as gay as a butterfly hitherto, turned a shade paler. "You forget that she has children."

"I forget nothing; but what have children to do with the matter? Two people love each other, and because they hold their love as something worthier than the mere favor of the world, they sacrifice a few things, good enough in themselves, but as nothing in comparison to their gains. Can sympathy be too great, can forgiveness be too free, for a crime, so much better than most virtues?"

"Your metaphysics always convince me, Harold; but I must say I'm happiest when we talk about anything else."

"That shows you to be a weak woman, like the rest of your sex. For my part, I never feel so satisfied as when I have cut off the head of an ugly thing calling itself truth."

They then entered into the general gayety, and Gower handed round his sketch, affecting no little gratification at the praises it received. The scene he had suggested, rather than imitated, was of enchanting loveliness. The brilliant bit of turf they had chosen as a halting-place, the foliage of ilex and wild olive overarching it, the rugged slope below, the still more rugged heights above, the gaunt and giant cedars, rising like towers of strength here and there, the sober-colored mountains lying like clouds beyond; here, indeed, were elements of color and outline to make a painter's heart glow.

And Harold Gower's heart did glow. He never felt touched or taught by beauty; but he welcomed it joyously and accepted it greedily; thus turning himself rather into the merchant of Nature than her minister. Not a graceful line, not a touch of color, not a harmonious shadow was lost upon him; but the hidden meaning, the inner beauty, the soul, so to speak, of inanimate things, were as nothing.

To Madame Challamel and her party, like Peter Bell, a cedar forest was a cedar forest, and nothing more. They liked making a picnic, because the men liked a ride and a flirtation with the ladies, and the ladies liked anything that varied their monotonous life; but the scenery counted for very little in the elements of enjoyment. Accordingly, when Harold Gower proposed a further excursion into the forest, no one volunteered to accompany him. The ladies shrugged their shoulders and feigned a terror of panthers; the men pointed to the woolly clouds gathering from all points of the horizon, and foretold a snow-storm. The artist, however, persisted; and at last it was agreed that he and Emilia, accompanied by a guide, should ride to a certain point, and rejoin the others in an hour's time.

"It is much better that we go alone," Harold said, as soon as he was fairly out of ear-shot; "you and I have souls, Emmy, and can appreciate all the beauties Heaven gives us, but those worthy people are quite satisfied with making only one use of their eyes."

"Yet I like them all," Emilia answered, thoughtfully, "especially the Colonel. He would never treat a woman contemptuously never," she checked a sigh and went on; "but I do think you are teaching me to use my eyes, Harold. I shall be quite your intellectual companion in time."

"You ought to be, seeing that you don't know how to sew on a button or do anything useful."

"Yes, how useless I am! I wonder why I was born!"

"If you only knew how I hate useful women!—women who wear aprons, mend stockings, and look after the maids. I should never have loved you had you been after that pattern."

"But I am stupid as well as useless."

"You don't trouble yourself about politics, you have never written a novel, still you are clever, Emmy. You read character at a glance, you detect faults in my pictures that I should never see, you are a born musician."

"And I have read all the novels under the sun, from 'Pamela' to 'Lady Audley's Secret.'"

"But now you have given me your promise to read a few good books."

"Harold, don't teach me too much. I like to feel at home with subjects you talk of, but I dread reading the good books you mention."

"Absurd child. I read you a passage from 'Modern Painters' the other day, was that so very dreadful?"

She was still serious.

"Let me remain as I am, Harold. It is much best that you keep all the cleverness to yourself."

"But I like others to admire you."

"You forget that we are living in a world of our own, out of the world, in fact."

"Not always. A few minutes ago, for instance, we were as little out of the world as if in Paris."

Emilia fell into a reverie, from which she was aroused by Harold's cry of enthusiasm.

"Look," he cried; "in a scene like this how can we think of ourselves? Did I talk of Paris! We are farther from Paris than the inhabitants of Saturn."

They had followed a wild track through the mazes of ilex wood, and came now on the verge of a savage ravine. Rising from its dusky depths, and standing solitary against the wintry sky, rose one bare and blackened cedar trunk of fabulous height, whilst on either side were trees of lesser magnitude, their branches driven horizontally across the abyss, as if by the force of some cataclysmal whirlwind. There was, moreover, a look of majestic strength, of mysterious suffering about their stately trunks and plumpy branches of deep green, that suggested the idea of some Titanic struggle with a higher power still going on. And added to these impressions of a contest, half God-like, half human, between force and force, was that of final duration. One looked back to the reign of the mastodon and the mayalonyx without thinking that the cedar trees had ever been saplings or that they would ever pass away.

Something of these thoughts was passing through the painter's mind. Emilia, too much overcome with child-like awe and bewilderment to think at all, gazed around, wishing herself fairly out of a land of such utter and drear enchantment. The space, the immensity, the solitude, seemed to crush her. She shuddered, and begged of Harold to return.

"The snow is falling fast, and we have already left the others so far behind," she pleaded, almost with tears in her eyes. But he urged her to go on a little further, ten minutes riding would bring them to the spot he wanted to see, he said. What mattered the snow to them?

"This reminds one of Ossian," he went on, too enthusiastic to notice the disconsolateness of his companion. "'Gray mist rests on the hills, the whirlwind is heard through the forest, dark rolls the river through the narrow plain, a tree stands alone on the hill and marks the slumbering Connal, the leaves whirl round with the wind and strew the graves of the dead; at times are seen the ghosts of the departed, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.' Isn't it a ghostly, grandiose scene, Emilia? Are you not glad to have seen it?"

"My veil is heavy with snow," Emilia answered, pettishly, "and the sharp wind cuts my cheeks like a knife; I am not glad to be here."

The snow had now come on apace, and an angry wind surged through the forest with a sound of thunder. As if with magic all the color and form that had made the cedar forest so gorgeous disappeared beneath a cloud of mist, the glossy foliage of the ilex, the reds and purples of the rock, the glowing turf and the wild flowers sprinkling it, the mountain pines, every fantastic crag and rugged peak were hidden, and excepting for a giant cedar that rose here and there, as if from the depths of annihilation, all was blank, and cold, and lifeless.

It was a fine sight for a painter, and Gower became for the moment transformed with a passion of genuine enthusiasm. He did not say at every fresh miracle, "This is metal for my mind," but he contented himself with simple adoration only. The storm did indeed work miracles. In one moment came a whirlwind of snow, crushing out of the mighty branches almost a human sob of pain; another, and all was still, and the trees stood erect, bearing their burdens like crowns. The color, too, was hardly less miraculous, for the cold light of the snow gave a phantasmal transparency to the bare trunks, making what had hitherto looked almost the personification of strength and duration, a shadow, an airy shape, a thing of dreams. And nothing could be more startling than the snow where it lay upon the dark foliage; night and day, death and life, were hardly so opposed as these masses of glittering white and dusky green. On a sudden, just when Emilia's spirits were sinking and Harold's eagerness had reached to its culminating pitch, they came upon a little plateau that lay, smooth as a lake, in the very heart of the forest.

A deserted hut stood on its uttermost boundary, and Harold proposed that they should take possession of it and make a little fire. Emilia caught at the proposition joyfully, and in a minute more all three had dismounted, the horses were tied to a tree close by, and the guide was collecting cedar chips.

The hut was a miserable shelter enough. The snow came in through the broken rafters of the roof, whilst the ground was covered ancle-deep with wet leaves and rubbish. But it was at least shelter, and when a fire had been kindled, and Emilia's blood began to circle in her veins, she brightened a little.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried; "if I could only go to sleep and wake up in our little room at Teniet! Shall we ever find our way back again?"

"When I have finished this sketch we will try," said Harold, coolly.

She held her dainty feet to the crackling blaze one by one, and whilst doing so, reproached him half-playfully, half in earnest, for his zeal.

"How little I can ever be to you in comparison to a snow-storm or a fine sunset? Sometimes I feel as if I used to be more needed at Trimleigh Hall."

"Emilia, you are getting more intractable every day; but now I have done all that is necessary to my drawing, and will chafe your hands if they are still cold."

He left his post by the door, and sitting down on a log, took her on his knees, chafing her cold little hands, wiping her wet hair, and trying, in a hundred ways, to atone for past neglect. When their prattle had come to an end, Harold looked at his watch, and declared that they must go.

But the guide, a sleepy lad, whose Mahometanism was considerably modified by French influence, had been so intent upon smoking cigarettes, that the horses had strayed ere he was aware. Harold stormed and scolded to little purpose. The horses were nowhere to be seen, and nothing remained but to go in search of them. Harold went one way; the guide another, the former promising Emilia not to go beyond ear-shot.

CHAPTER V.

"THE REST IS SILENCE."

When Emilia found herself alone a passion of fear took possession of her. The storm raged on with renewed violence, and, as she listened to the shrieking wind and crashing boughs, she felt as if all this pent-up indignation of the elements was spent upon herself alone. To her childish and illogical mind it seemed unlikely, nay, impossible, that such a storm should be anything else but a visitation, and who so great a sinner as she?

For some minutes she sat cowering over the half-burned logs, with her face buried in her hands. Why did Harold ever leave her alone? Why did he awaken trouble in her mind by those interminable discussions of their position? Above all, why did he love his art so exclusively? She knew well enough that he loved her with a very passionate love, but he loved something else, too, and she hated that something with an envying hatred.

At first she had been extravagantly happy with this man, living on the honey of his words, the worship of his looks, his sweet observances, his devoted tenderness. But she had ceased to be happy of late, and she blamed him unfairly for the change. She never blamed him for having taken her away from an unhappy home and an unloved husband, but she accused him for not keeping up the enchantment by which the sacrifice of womanly duty and wifely honor had seemed as nothing. She did not see that he was only indirectly accountable for a re-action brought about by the force of circumstances; she would not see that such a re-action was inevitable and retributive.

But it was chiefly one circumstance that had kindled and now fanned into a consuming fire, the flame of her self-reproach. During the last few days the awful probability had presented itself to her mind, that the sin they had committed would not die with them; that, as the sun shines on the just and on the unjust, so the blessing of fruitfulness would be sent as a curse upon their unlawful love.

She was a woman after all. She loved prettiness and helplessness, and the caressing affection of little children. If Heaven sent her a child, how could she love it, how could she hate it!

Her thoughts grew desperate, and to escape from them she rose and peered out.

"Why do I encourage such folly?" she said, and tried to laugh. "After all, Harold and I are as good as other people at heart!"

Then she grew reckless and tried to laugh, to sing, to shout his name, thinking, by the sound of her own voice to drive away the thoughts that haunted her like evil spirits. But a legion of taunting tongues gave back an echo; and, to the unhappy girl's disordered imagination, the winds sported with her sadness, and carried the burden of it hither and thither. Now she seemed to be mocked from the peak of the loftiest mountain, now from the depth of the most impenetrable ravine, and she shuddered as a criminal before his judge, or a guilty man before his accuser. It was strange, and yet perfectly natural, to a mind so constituted that, whilst Emilia trembled before these manifestations of an outraged Nature, no awe of a higher Power, of an almighty Providence, took possession of her. She conceived that the thunder of the winds denounced her, that the roaring of the cedar-boughs condemned her, but her terror or her reverence could not go beyond this. She could comprehend the universe as having an instinct, but not as needing a soul.

As she stood thus on the threshold of the hut nothing could present a more magnificent appearance than the snow-storm doing battle among the cedars. It seemed as if indeed there must be some human thirst for victory in such a contest. In one moment came a volley of blasts, under which the stoutest branches trembled, then the wind would fall back as if exhausted, and the combat ceased for awhile.

Beyond the little plateau the forest opened on either side, showing what had been in the morning a vast panorama of ilex grove, precipitous slopes of living green, and far-stretching mountains, but now a vast ravine, about which hung a mist of snow and a monotony of desolation perfectly horrible. But Emilia only looked in the direction Harold had taken, and tried again and again to utter his name. Just at this juncture a circumstance happened that struck her over-wrought senses with the conviction of a judgment, and drove her out into the storm, scared, reckless, almost without reason.

In one of the severest crises of the storm, a huge and hollow trunk that stood at the back of the hut was driven inwards, and fell, crashing the wretched roof, and scattering the crazy rafters to right and left.

Almost miraculously Emilia had stood on the threshold and taken no harm, but the suddenness and noise of the concussion excited her imagination beyond the limits of control. She saw in this accident no mere natural event, but a doom, averted for the moment, nevertheless inevitable for herself and her lover. They might hide their sinful lives in never so tongueless a wilderness, they might indeed make their home, as he called it, "out of the world," were there not things sterner, more pitiless, more prone to punish even, than human hearts? They might escape the frowns and jeers of men and women; they could never escape the vengeance of an unseen and outraged Power. Whether they travelled by sea or by land, this flaming sword would follow them, causing the waves to cover their heads, the earth to open at their feet, and the slaying lightning to find them out.

Holding her burning, beating temples with both hands, she rushed blindly forward in search of Harold. The wind beat upon her, the snow blinded her, the slippery drifts hindered her at every moment; but she still kept on. A bough was driven sharply against her face, scarring the delicate skin in two places, but she did not heed, and hardly felt the pain, and staggered onward, crying, "Harold! Harold!"

At last strength gave way, and she sunk upon a snow-covered log, exhausted with fatigue, trembling in every limb, and wet to the skin.

She tried to call Harold again and again, but voice failed her, and then she cried hysterically. Still her mood can hardly be called that of utter despair. She felt desperately wretched and forlorn, but she was sure of Harold's finding her in time, and the suffering would surely be passed somehow.

At first the pain of intense cold was almost insupportable; she beat with her feet rapidly on the ground, and she moved her arms backwards and forwards as she had seen the English laborers move them in cold weather. She hugged her little knees, and swayed herself to and fro. By-and-by, she attributing the change to these efforts, the sense of acute suffering passed, leaving drowsiness and faintness only. Having no longer any strength to shout after Harold or strive with the storm, she seated herself in the most comfortable attitude that was possible, and waited. As she waited thus, the dread thoughts of a retributive doom, hanging over her head and his, passed one by one. She ceased to think, indeed, and rather dreamed, till something like a smile stole over her lips.

Of what was she dreaming?

Not of the gorgeous African scenery in which she had lived such delicious days with Harold; not of the future he had painted so vividly; not of those latter days, having Harold's love for sure, at all.

The storm ceased to howl about her ears, and she fancied she heard instead the homely sound of village church bells. She did not reason upon the extravagance of such a fancy; she but smiled, and listened and followed whither the sound led.

It led back to Trimleigh, her childhood's home. She saw the pretty parsonage house—her birthplace; the garden where she had played as a child, and the quiet churchyard through which she walked by her father's side every Sunday, the bells sounding gayly in their ears, and the village people flocking to church. Then it led her—this bewitching, bewildering sound—to a later time, when she had changed her home from the rectory to the Hall, and walked to church across the park, the master by her side.

She did not think of him, however, or of the tempter who had come between herself and a husband she could not love; she merely saw his face, as she saw the face of her father, and many another known then reflected as in a mirror. And none reproached, none haunted her. Alike the dead and the living seemed to recognize her, but there was no sternness, no retribution, no abhorrence in their recognition; only an inexpressible calm, past tears and smiles. The bells seemed to grow louder and louder, and the village folks hastened through the elms. There was old John, the gardener, holding pretty little Mary, his grand-daughter, by her hand, dressed in a pink frock; there was old Widow Grice, who was nearly ninety, and who always sat under the pulpit because she was deaf; there was Jim Watts, the tidiest laborer in the parish, Sophia, his wife, bearing her baby on her arm; and behind them, not daring to smile at the baby, was poor Ann Symonds, the girl who, as the country phrase went, "had a misfortune," and never held up her head after.

It seemed to Emilia as if she and this poor girl were lost in the train of church-goers, and as if they suddenly quickened their steps lest the bell should cease ere the porch was reached. Emilia smiled as she dreamed—"What would the congregation say to see the rector's daughter, nay, the squire's wife, enter with Ann Symonds, who is scouted by all the parish for having gone astray?" But she had been confirmed, and had an indistinct notion that in the eyes of Some-one greater than all, Ann Symonds was as good as other people.

The bell still sounded, though the clergyman was in his desk and the school-mistress had taken her place at the harmonium.

"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Thee!" This is what the school-mistress played; and just as the children and the congregation began to sing, and Emilia and her companion entered the church, the bell ceased, and the dream was over!

Harold Gower fled from Africa as from an evil dream, and tried to console himself for the loss of Emilia with very little success. When by chance an old acquaintance met him in Constantinople, he wrote home thus:—

"Gower was always a queer dog, as you know; but I don't know what the deuce is the matter with him now. He drinks brandy and soda-water after the manner of Byron, and leads the most extravagant life in the world. And he is quite gray, which is odd, seeing that he is little past thirty. I think there must have been a lady in the case."

The Whiskey Frauds.

In 1860, according to the Census returns, there were ninety millions of gallons of whiskey distilled in the United States. Last year the internal revenue tax was collected upon only fourteen millions of gallons. Mr. Darling, who has been investigating the frauds connected with the distillation last year, expresses the belief that not one-eighth of the whiskey manufactured during the last twelve months has paid any tax; and Mr. Morrill, upon introducing the new tax bill in the House, stated that the government had been defrauded during the year of at least fifty millions of dollars in the non-collection of the whiskey tax. This estimate, however, falls far short of the truth. It is, nevertheless, thought best not to reduce the tax, and in the new law an effort will be made to protect honest distillers, if there be any such, and secure the future payment of the tax, by the punishment, "with a pitiless impartiality," of every individual caught in an attempt to defraud the revenue. The special tax for license to operate a distillery will remain $101, as at present. Mr. Darling contended for a license of $1,000, with a view of shutting up most of the small-fry establishments; but the House refused to adopt his amendment.

To Light a Dark Room.

The London Builder recommends a plan for lighting a dark room in which the darkness is caused by its being situated on a narrow street or lane. The Builder says if the glass of a window in such a room is placed several inches within the outer face of the wall, as is the general custom in building houses, it will admit very little light, that which it gets being only the reflection from the walls of the opposite houses. If, however, for the window be substituted another in which all the panes of glass are roughly ground on the outside, and flush with the outer wall, the light from the whole of the visible sky and from the remotest parts of the opposite wall will be introduced into the apartment, reflected from the innumerable faces or facets which the rough grinding of glass has produced. The whole window will appear as if the sky were beyond it, and from every point of this luminous surface light will radiate into all parts of the room.

☞ The drama, by Sophocles, entitled, "Antigone," was performed, the other night, in Dublin. At the end of the play there was a loud and general call for the "author," and the manager was obliged to come before the curtain, and beg that Sophocles might be excused, as he had been dead two thousand years!

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT.

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 19, 1867.

To the Stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The following statements will exhibit the financial condition of the Company on the 1st of January last, and the earnings and expenses of your Railroads and Canals during 1866.

Dr.

	DOLLARS.	CTS.
To Capital Stock,	20,000,000	00
" First Mortgage 6 per cent. Bonds,	4,000,000	00
" Second " " " "	4,904,849	00
" Lien of State upon the public works sold to this Company, bearing 5 per cent.,	6,000,000	00
" Short Bonds, or Debentures, 6 per cent.,	1,554,015	73
" Mortgages and Ground Rents, 6 per cent.,	170,184	32
" Bills and Accounts payable, including dividends due to Stockholders, unpaid,	3,662,144	45
" Extra Dividend Fund,	1,116,000	00
" Contingent Fund,	1,000,000	00
" Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company's Stock,	1,182,550	00
" Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company's Bonds,	700,000	00
" Balance,	870,415	02
	$46,134,149	54

By Balance standing on the Books of the Company for the Construction of the Railroad between Harrisburg and Pittsburg, including Branches to Indiana and Hollidaysburg, (in all 276 miles,) also for Cost of Stations, Warehouses, Shops and Shop Machinery, on the whole road from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, $13,500,000 00

" Cost of Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad, when delivered to this Company, including Branch to Columbia, (in all 55 miles,) 1,882,550 00

" Balance standing on the Books of the Company, for the purchase of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad and the Pennsylvania Canals, 6,800,000 00

" Balance standing to debit of Equipment of Road, consisting of 432 Locomotives, 240 Passenger Cars, 103 Baggage, Mail and Express Cars, 6053 Freight Cars, and 223 Road Cars, 3,371,214 93

" Cost of Real Estate of Company and Telegraph Line, 3,421,490 91

" Extensions of Pennsylvania Railroad to the South Bank of the Monongahela and to the Delaware River, including Wharves and Grain Elevator, 2,121,157 77

		30,899,403 61
" 14,533 Shares Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Stock,		726,650 00
" Western Pennsylvania Railroad Stock and Bonds,		168,420 00
" Cost of First and Second Mortgage Bonds, Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroad Company,		738,205 20
" Steubenville and Indiana Railroad First Mortgage Bonds, owned by Company,		1,262,651 52
" Philadelphia and Erie Convertible 7 per cent. Bonds, (the remainder of the $3,000,000 loan being in Sinking Fund,)		139,000 00
" Amount of other Bonds and Stocks of Municipal and Railroad Corporations,		1,870,343 74
" Cost of Bonds and Stocks in Sinking Fund,		1,006,267 68
" Amount of Fuel and Materials on hand for repairs to Locomotives, Cars and Maintenance of Way on Pennsylvania Railroad,		1,378,404 10
" Amount advanced to pay for Fuel and Materials on hand for repairs to Locomotives, Cars and Maintenance of Way for Philadelphia and Erie Railroad,		449,220 09
" Amount advanced to operate Philadelphia and Erie Railroad,		735,120 09
" Amount of Bills and Accounts Receivable and Amount Due from other Railroads,		4,148,603 93
" Balance in hands of Agents,		577,018 89
" Balance in hands of Treasurer, including $420,000 U. S. 6-20s,		1,043,941 46
	$46,134,149	54

The Shareholders will perceive, by comparing the above items with their cost, as shown in previous reports, that in addition to the payment of dividends upon your *original* investment, equal to 48 per cent. above legal interest, the cost of your Road from Philadelphia to Columbia has been reduced $800,000, and from Harrisburg to Pittsburg $6,429,855, from the surplus profits of the Company; and the Equipment of the Line, which has cost $10,903,599 55, is now represented at $3,371,214 93.

The Sinking Fund, which cost $1,006,267 68, it is believed is ample, with its accruing income, to take up at maturity the debt of the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company, the Second Mortgage Bonds of this Company, and still leave in it all the stocks that it is important that this Company should retain for the security of its traffic. This conservative policy has been pursued in view of the adventitious character of the traffic of the line during the past five years, and for the purpose of giving to the Company a financial strength which will render the continuance of its dividends certain, independent of the action or policy of rival lines.

The Company has been placed in this strong position while it has, at the same time, to a larger extent than any other Corporation of the kind, promoted the development of the interior of the Commonwealth by aiding the completion and extension of other Railroads where private capital would not incur the risks of such investments.

The Pennsylvania Railroad was commenced under the sanguine hope that it could be completed and equipped *without* incurring a *debt*. The efforts of the Company in this direction, in view of the great abuse that had attended the financial operations of the earlier corporations of this State, were eminently wise and worthy of an earnest effort to carry them into effect. But after some years of persistent labor it became evident that the enterprise was too great for the local capital of this city without submitting to a delay in its completion, which neither the commercial prosperity of Philadelphia nor the interests of the shareholders of the Company would justify. This policy was therefore abandoned for one which limited the mortgage indebtedness of the Company to its *capital stock*.

At the commencement of its work, the views of the Company extended only to the construction of a railway between Harrisburg and Pittsburg. But in operating such a line in connection with the uncertain and frequently adverse management of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, under the State authorities, it became evident that it must fail to meet the just expectations of its projectors, unless an independent connection could be made with its commercial depot, or a lease or purchase of the existing lines effected. After many abortive efforts, this object was accomplished by a lease of the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad, and the purchase of the State improvements at a high price, but upon a satisfactory credit. The great point, however, of securing harmonious action throughout the line, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, was accomplished, which at once imparted new life and vigor to the enterprise, and insured its prosperity.

It was early foreseen that a trunk line, intended to accommodate the traffic between the East and West, would fail in its object if wholly dependent upon the uncertain navigation of the Ohio River as a feeder. The earlier commencement of the other trunk lines had already diverted the routes of the railroads in progress from the commercial

centres of the West towards the East, to their works. To overcome this disadvantage, it became essential that other lines connecting your road with these trade centres of the West should be commenced, and to effect this, direct and efficient aid by this Company towards their construction was necessary. So fully impressed were the Shareholders of this Company at the time, of the importance of this movement, that, in voting such aid, they exceeded the views of the Directors. The three principal lines selected for such aid were one to Cincinnati, a second to the centre of Ohio, at Columbus, and a third towards Chicago. The connection with Cincinnati via Marietta was adopted, and failed from the inadequate means provided to construct a line over what proved to be an unexpectedly rugged country. The line to Chicago was only saved as an investment, after the failure of the credit of that Company, by much labor and large additional outlays by this Company to secure its completion. These efforts were crowned with entire success, and the enterprise, both financially and as a feeder of your main line, has met our most sanguine expectations.

The line to Columbus—which also afforded an equally good connection with Cincinnati as that via Marietta, though leaving a large district of country tributary to another railway—after long delays, growing mainly out of a failure to procure adequate legislation in Virginia, has recently been brought into efficient use, and promises satisfactory results. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will own as a preferred shareholder more than half of the capital stock of this line.

The eastern end of this line, known as the Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroad, extending from Pittsburg to the Virginia State line, was commenced under the patronage of the City of Pittsburg and Allegheny County, but owing to the absence of any legal right to extend its road to the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad across Virginia, it failed to obtain a credit that would justify any responsible individuals in undertaking its construction. A further increase of its capital stock was therefore impracticable.

A contract was entered into by the Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroad Company, with parties of insufficient capital, for the completion of this line, which, as might have been expected, only resulted in still further embarrassing the condition of the Company by a disproportionate increase of its indebtedness, compared with the work done. After further efforts to secure other parties to build the road, a contract was entered into with the Western Transportation Company for that object—a corporation in which this Company became the chief shareholder—and through its instrumentality a concession was obtained from Western Virginia, permitting the construction of a railroad across that State. From this period the work was pushed with as much vigor as the condition of the labor market would permit, notwithstanding the extraordinary advance that had taken place in every element that entered into the cost of constructing railways. Under this contract the work has been opened for use for more than a year. In view of the expenditures that had been made upon the line, and those directed to be made under the commutation act, it was, at the time, deemed best to advance the means required to complete this line; but, in consequence of the unexpectedly large amount required, it would have probably been better to have permitted the road to have been sold, and thus divested it of the complications surrounding it and which now render such a sale essential to ascertain the relation of its creditors. There is much work still to be done to complete this road in a manner that will enable it to meet the demands of its traffic.

The Marietta line, which had enlisted the warmest support from the shareholders and the merchants of this city, of either of the lines mentioned, became so hopelessly involved that the funds advanced by this Company, for the construction of that part of the road between Marietta and Wheeling, were taken without our assent, to meet its debts incurred upon the line west of that point. In consequence of this misapplication of the means furnished by this Company, and the immense sums that would have been absorbed in carrying out the original plan, it was not deemed prudent to make any attempt to save the amount invested in the enterprise. Under your instructions, this amount was accordingly charged to profit and loss, and its stock no longer appears among your assets.

The interest of the Company in the Chicago line has nearly all been disposed of, at a profit to this Company fully equal to its loss upon the Marietta line. But for the timely aid afforded by this Company, it would have proved, as an investment, nearly as unproductive.

The completion of the Columbus route having, in consequence of want of legal authority in Virginia, been thrown into a period of inflated prices, its cost has so far exceeded our anticipations that it will require a long time for it to repay this Company in direct returns for the outlays incurred. For these expenditures it has received various securities, some of which have been disposed of, and on the remainder there will probably be no loss except a few years of interest, for which the indirect advantages gained by the Company must be its compensation.

The shareholders will perceive, from this resume of the operations of the Company, the extent of the means required, and the labor and responsibility incurred to save the original investments made under your instructions, to build up lines to connect yours with the trade centres of the West—expenditures that were necessary to the success of your own work, but which a few years' earlier commencement of it would have rendered unnecessary, as the tendency of the Western lines would probably then have been towards Pittsburg.

These expenditures have frequently been referred to by shareholders as unwise, without reflecting that they were the result of their own action, and that the Officers of the Company are really the parties to complain of the immense unrequited labor and responsibility they have had to assume to save the object the Company had in view in making these investments, and in providing the means necessary to effect them. That they have required outlays, to secure the original objects, far exceeding any just expectation at the time they were entered into, is quite true; but this has arisen from the inadequate stock basis furnished by their shareholders for the completion of these works and the subsequent increased cost of building railways. The result, however, we think will justify the policy of this Company.

These extraordinary outlays were commenced while the traffic of this line was comparatively small, and burdened by a heavy impost duty levied by the State, and assessed upon no other competing line, greatly diminishing its ability to meet these necessary expenditures to ensure the property of the State—and from which burden it was only released upon condition that the Company would apply the unpaid instalment towards the construction of the Mifflin and Centre County, Hedford, Bald Eagle Valley, Tyrone and Clearfield, Ebensburg and Cresson, Western Pennsylvania, and the Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroads—all improvements within the Commonwealth. The effect of this mandate was the same as that which followed the appropriations made by the stockholders to Western lines, already stated, entailing upon this Company either the loss of the whole investment directed to be made or advances of the additional amounts required to complete these works. The Board saw no other alternative but to meet this difficulty by the adoption of a liberal and active policy, and thus bring all of these lines into productive use as speedily as practicable. The outlays necessary to secure this object, from the causes already referred to, have been very large, but the results have proved much more satisfactory than if the original expenditures had been suffered to remain unproductive, as would have been the case if they had simply fulfilled the requirements of the law. The further extension of some of these lines will still be necessary to enable them to become productive, and meet the wants of the districts they were built to accommodate.

We have thus presented to you the extent and the causes for the unusually heavy expenditures made by this company on account of its tributaries. Their magnitude has made it necessary, not only to protect the investments made in them, but also to secure the control of other lines important to their success. This policy has eventuated in a system which includes the Philadelphia and Erie and Northern Central Railroads, by which the Company's cars find their way over continuous and unbroken lines, under one control, from Columbus, Erie and Pittsburg to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

To meet the expenditures, but partially enumerated, without financial sacrifices, and still preserve the relation between the share capital and debts of the Company, as already indicated as the settled policy of this Company, has been attended with some difficulties. But the rule is one that should not be exceeded by any prudent railway corporation.

To preserve this relation, and place your financial system upon a basis that may be easily understood, while it at the same time sufficiently comprehensive for the future wants of the traffic seeking your line—which will doubtless increase with the growth and prosperity of the country—the Directors have procured an amendment to the Charter which permits the requisite increase of the share capital of the Company and prohibits the issue of mortgage bonds exceeding its capital stock.

The increase of the capital of the Company, under this Act, may be effected in one of three ways. First, by a sale of the shares. Second, by a subscription to the stock of the Company, in which each shareholder will have the right to participate in proportion to his interest; and Third, by stock dividends.

The first plan is deemed inexpedient. The second, which is the best, has been objected to by the City of Philadelphia, in consequence of her inability to participate in the advantage of such subscription, owing to a constitutional prohibition of the further exercise of such powers by municipal corporations. The third, therefore, is the only one to meet existing circumstances, and with a view to carry this plan into effect, the Directors have passed the resolution annexed to this report, which is submitted for your approval. It is believed that in addition to cash dividends, a dividend of 6 per cent. in stock may be declared annually under any ordinary condition of the country, and still leave an ample surplus to the credit of profit and loss to preserve the property of the Company at its present high standard of efficiency and value.

The responsibilities assumed by this Company, through the endorsement of the bonds of other railroad corporations, are confined to the first mortgages of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, amounting to five millions of dollars, the Western Pennsylvania Railroad Company for eight hundred thousand dollars, and the Connecting Railway Company for one million of dollars. In the two last named companies the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is also the owner of nearly all their share capital, and upon the first it has a lease for 999 years.

The Connecting Railway has been leased to the Philadelphia and Trenton and Camden and Amboy Railroad Companies for legal interest upon its whole cost, which will be twice the amount of coupons falling due upon the issue of its bonds so guaranteed.

The nett revenues of the Western Pennsylvania Railroad Company, since its extension to Pittsburgh, have been sufficient to meet its interest, and these must continue to increase, while the thirty per cent. due to the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company under its lease, and first applicable to the payment of the coupons upon their bonds, is already largely in excess of the amount required for this object. It will therefore be seen that the revenues of these Companies are amply sufficient to meet the interest upon the bonds so endorsed, and that they cannot become a charge upon the nett revenues of this Company.

The bonds of these railroad companies, with the exception of $1,000,000 of those of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, were endorsed after their purchase by this Company, and were so endorsed to secure a better market price for this Company when sold by it.

The propriety of selling the bonds of lines aided by this Company, either with or without its endorsement, is questionable, inasmuch as better results can be obtained by the use of the direct credit of the Company. Hitherto, however, there has been no alternative, as the powers of the Company have been too circumscribed to act upon such a policy.

The earnings and expenses of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the roads worked by it, except the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, were for 1866 as follows:

EARNINGS.

From Passengers, 1st class,	$2,245,600 56	
" Emigrants, - -	139,721 25	
		3,385,321 31
" United States troops, - -		500,942 44
" " " mails, - -		92,730 00
" Express matter, - -		374,369 23
" General freights, - -		11,709,293 59
" Miscellaneous sources, - -		471,423 23
		$16,583,882 84

EXPENSES.

CONDUCTING TRANSPORTATION.

For ordinary expenditures, - - -	$3,492,008 50	
" erection of passenger and stations and extension of existing buildings, -	154,743 42	
		$3,646,752 92

MOTIVE POWER.

For ordinary repairs and renewals,	$2,910,129 47	
" erection of machine shops and engine houses, - -	121,724 49	
" additional tools and shop machinery ($27,515 56 of which was for the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad shops.)	55,225 77	
" additional locomotives purchased during 1866, - -	671,758 80	
		3,797,831 63

MAINTENANCE OF CARS.

For ordinary repairs and renewals, &c., &c., - -	$1,078,912 77	
" additional freight cars, - - -	652,706 37	
" additional passenger cars, -	196,363 06	
		1,961,642 20

MAINTENANCE OF ROAD.

For ordinary repairs of railway and renewals of structures,	$2,845,465 28	
For additional second track and sidings,	250,965 09	
		3,096,430 37
For general expenses, - - -		288,552 35
Total expenditures connected with the business of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, including addition to the facilities for transportation on its own road and that of the railroads it operates, &c., - - - - -		$12,790,909 27

RECAPITULATION.

Gross Earnings, - - - - -		$16,583,882 84
Total ordinary expenses, -	$10,616,392 17	
Total extraordinary expenses, consisting of additional second track and sidings, additional locomotives, cars, &c., -	2,174,547 10	
		12,790,909 27
Leaving a balance of - -		$3,792,973 57

The gross revenue of the line for 1866 is equal to $16,323 41 per mile of main line of road (998 miles,) and is less than the aggregate receipts in 1865, $878,986 65.

The decrease upon passengers and emigrants is, - - - -	$786,671 66
The decrease upon expresses is, -	109,354 63
The decrease upon Government troops is, - - - - -	717,590 16
	1,613,925 35
and	
The increase on United States Mails, - -	$2,599 45
The increase on regular freights, - - -	515,728 22
The increase on miscellaneous, - - -	220,311 03
	740,638 70
Total decrease, - -	$875,286 65

The whole number of passengers carried in 1865 was 2,861,836, and during the past year, 2,673,585. The average distance travelled by each passenger was 52 miles, and the previous year 71¼ miles; this difference being due to the larger amount of through travel and troops in 1865.

The number of tons of freight moved (including 296,359 tons of fuel and other materials transported for the Company) was 3,434,718, embracing 1,413,181 tons of coal. The increase in the coal traffic is 238,424 tons, and the whole tonnage of the road exceeds that of last year, 653,968 tons, nearly 23 per cent.

The ordinary expenditures for working and maintaining the Company's roads were $10,616,392 17, which is equal to 64 per cent. of their revenues, or, including the expenditures for construction and equipment upon its own line, and the outfit of the Philadelphia and Erie and other railroads, 77 12-100 per cent.

The earnings of the Company's canals were:

From Susquehanna Division, -	$232,691 42
" Juniata " -	35,176 32
" miscellaneous sources, -	10,010 42
Total earnings, - -	$277,877 16

Against $161,015 36 for 1865.

The cost of maintaining, enlarging and operating the canals, was:

For Susquehanna Division, -	$130,212 93
" Juniata " -	101,501 50
" Western " -	1,723 55
Total expenses, - -	$233,437 98

Showing a net profit during 1866 of $64,429 15.

Estimating the value of these canals when purchased at one million of dollars, they now stand this Company, including interest and the cost of their renewals and enlargement as far as it has progressed, at about $2,750,000, for which sum they will be sold to the Pennsylvania Canal Company for stock in said Company, in pursuance of the policy sanctioned at your last annual meeting.

It is believed that the growing bituminous coal and lumber transportation that may be thrown upon the Pennsylvania Canal, at or near Huntingdon, will, upon its enlargement, make it a profitable investment. Above Huntingdon it must, in consequence of a great amount of lockage, eventually be abandoned, and a railway occupy its route, along which there exists an abundant water power to give life and activity to a large manufacturing population.

The earnings of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, in 1866, were:

From Passengers, - - -	$696,621 78
From Troops, - - -	48,103 13
From Freight, - - -	1,744,299 13
From Express matter, - -	26,941 43
From Mails, - - -	15,501 96
From Miscellaneous sources, -	15,584 30
	$2,541,051 79

Deducting taxes, overcharges, &c., $98,689 13 from $2,541,051 79, leaves $2,442,462 66 as the sum upon which 30 per cent. is due the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Co., amounting to - - - $732,738 80

The operating expenses during the same period were:

For conducting transportation, - - -	$30,815 80
For maintenance of way,	681,215 02
For motive power, -	682,947 62
For maintenance of cars,	158,936 09
	$2,819,713 33

Showing a loss to this Company in operating the line of - - - $278,661 54

This loss is largely to be attributed to the bad condition of the older bridges erected by the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company over the Susquehanna, and the unfinished character of the work generally upon the whole line.

The passenger travel has fallen off during the year in sympathy with that of nearly all of the other railways of the country. To this general depression this line has also had added to it the loss of travel from the decay of the speculative excitement of the oil region, while the same train accommodation has to be maintained.

The tonnage of the Philadelphia and Erie is mostly made up of cheap products that can only be moved at low rates of transportation, which, under the existing condition of the business of the country, are inadequate to meet the cost of their movement at the per centage stipulated in the lease of the road. This traffic has been quite irregular during the past year, though in the aggregate it has largely increased over that of 1865, and must continue to grow with the increase of the population of the region traversed, while the relative transportation expenses can only be reduced by this enlargement of its business and a fall in the prices of labor and materials.

Arrangements are being made to increase the business of the road by the establishment of a line of steamers between Erie and the other lake ports, under the patronage of this Company, with anticipations of successful results.

The future of this great work is very encouraging, but its traffic, as in all other similar projects, will require the application of capital and time to develop. The transportation facilities are ample for the accommodation of all the business that can be offered to it during the present year.

The whole revenue of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company from its several lines is as follows, viz:

From the Pennsylvania Railroad and branches, - -	$16,583,882 84
" Pennsylvania Canals, -	297,867 16
" Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, - - -	2,541,051 79
	$19,422,801 79

And the expenses of operating these lines are:

Pennsylvania Railroad, ordinary, - -	$10,616,392 17	
Pennsylvania Railroad, extraordinary, -	2,174,547 10	
Pennsylvania Canal, -	233,437 98	
Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, - -	2,066,974 53	
Thirty per cent. reserved to pay taxes and interest on debt of Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, -	732,738 80	
		15,844,090 58
Balance, - - -		$3,578,711 21

From which deduct payments made during the year to the shareholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for dividends, $1,737,069; the balance to debit of interest and coupon account, $539,839 57; the amount due to the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company under lease, $135,974 12; the taxes on dividends and coupons, $138,855 57; and the annual sum of $460,000 due to the State of Pennsylvania for the purchase of the main line of public works, amounting in all to - 3,301,938 26

Leaving a surplus of - - $276,772 89

This is the result of the year's operations of your railways and canals, after charging all expenditures for new work and additional rolling stock, &c., together with an instalment of $100,000 upon the principal of the debt due the State, &c., to expense account.

The demands upon your Treasury, during this year, in addition to the ordinary expenditures for operating the road, will be about the same as estimated for 1866. To the completion of the Connecting Railway, and the increase of facilities for business upon the West Pennsylvania and Pittsburg and Columbus lines, there will be added the extension of the Tyrone and Clearfield Branch to the town of Clearfield, near the centre of the great lumber and coal region of the Alleghenies. A number of improvements upon the Main Line, heretofore deferred in consequence of the high rates of wages and materials, will not admit of further delay; while the road between Lancaster and Philadelphia, located before the successful application of locomotive steam power upon railways, requires extensive alterations in its alignment, to place it in harmony with the other portions of your railway.

That portion of this line crossing the high range of hills bordering the Great Valley commencing near Haverford College, and extending to Valley Creek—a space of over twenty miles—embraces the worst located parts of the old line, and requires alterations which will amount to nearly a new road for this distance. An appropriation of a quarter of a million of dollars annually to this object for a few years, will make these changes; the interest upon which sum will be more than repaid in the diminished cost of moving and maintaining the rolling stock of the Company.

Your Directors have alluded, in previous reports, to the rapid destruction of iron rails, and the increased cost of replacing them, under the frequent interruptions to the workmen from the numerous trains now passing over the line. Every effort to materially improve the quality of the iron to meet the wants of the augmenting traffic of the trunk lines having heretofore failed, attention was directed to the introduction of steel rails, and, with a view to test their efficiency, the President, while in England, in 1862, ordered a few hundred tons for trial. These proved so satisfactory, that larger importations have been made of Bessemer steel rails, which have entirely confirmed our expectations of their success. The cost of steel rails is at present about twice the price of the best iron rails, while their durability is fully eight times greater. It is confidently believed, however, that with enlarged works, increased knowledge of the ores required to produce the best quality of this metal, and greater experience in its production, they will be successfully manufactured at home, and the price very largely reduced. At present the demand is equal to the supply, and prices are maintained. To avoid the heavy annual outlays that a change from a cheap to a dearer material would necessarily entail upon your revenues, it is proposed to continue for the present to re-roll the worn-out rails, and replace the annual wear and tear with steel rails. The general introduction of steel rails is now wholly a commercial question, in which the cost of the increased capital required for their purchase becomes the chief impediment to their general adoption. While the business of a line is small, it will still be economy to use iron rails, at an ordinary rate of interest upon capital, until the cost of producing steel is reduced to its minimum. When this result is accomplished, the general public will be materially benefited by the reduced cost of transportation which the introduction of steel rails will enable railways to afford.

The Company has also laid 500 tons of rails, the wearing surface of which has been "steeled" by Dodd's process. The increased durability imparted to the rail by this process will probably extend its life three-fold, while its additional cost thus prepared is about 25 per cent. From the result of our experience it would seem that rails so treated will prove a valuable article as an intermediate between steel and ordinary iron rails.

The Directors have given to the subject of establishing a line of steamships between this port and Europe, committed to them at your last annual meeting, all the consideration which its importance required; but they have not yet arrived at a satisfactory conclusion as to the best means of effecting this desirable object. Proposals have been asked until the first of May next, by public advertisement, of those engaged in this business to establish such a line, under concessions, and a subsidy to be paid by this Company during the continuance of the contract.

In their last Annual Report, your Directors referred to the introduction of express freight lines upon your railway as a new feature in the policy of the Company, and one which had heretofore been opposed by its officers as unnecessary to the efficient conduct of the transportation departments of the Trunk lines. While these views remain substantially unchanged, they are quite clear that the introduction of these lines upon the Pennsylvania Railroad—after every effort had been made to secure their withdrawal from rival lines—became not only a necessity, but a duty which the Board owed to the shareholders. A failure to make use of this weapon, so dexterously and persistently used by our competitors in various forms to promote their interests, would have shown as little foresight as would have been attributed to the General Government, if it had failed to meet the preparations, known to be in progress upon the Merrimac, by the building of a more efficient ironclad.

From the statistics of the Company it appears that the ordinary freight business of the road has continued to grow in its usual ratio since the introduction of these freight lines, showing that their sustenance is abstracted from the business of similar organizations that exist upon rival routes, whose competition they were introduced to meet; gaining for this Company a business not heretofore enjoyed by it, and which could not be secured by any other means.

It also appears from the same sources that the freights brought to the road by these lines pay to the Company better net rates than is derived from any other portion of the Company's through business. The success in these lines in collecting and distributing freights throughout the West has been largely due to the inability of many of the Western railways to supply cars sufficient to accommodate the through traffic originating along their own and connecting roads, and, in consequence, the traffic has heretofore sought rival avenues, whose equipment was sufficient to furnish the means for its transportation.

Under existing contracts between this Company and the freight lines, it seems that the only point it is necessary to solve is, whether the rates charged for this freight by the railroad companies are as large as the express freight companies can pay, and preserve the full efficiency of their organizations. As at present advised, the Directors are disposed to believe that they are, and that the interests of the Company would suffer great damage by their withdrawal from its service, while such lines, or other organizations to effect the same objects, are maintained upon competing routes.

The chief element of profit of these freight lines has been in the margins paid to them, above the ordinary railroad rates, by merchants disposed to patronize a medium of transportation where the responsibility is direct, immediately accessible and undivided from the point of shipment to the point of delivery of their merchandise: rather than a line made up of various railway corporations, of whose responsibility they are not familiar. Advantages such as are afforded by these organizations cannot, for obvious reasons, be fully accorded to shippers by any railway Company.

That the enterprise has proved successful to its proprietors, in view of the large amount of capital ventured in an untried field, should be a matter of gratification to the shareholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, whose interest it was intended to and has so largely promoted. This success is mainly due to the thorough knowledge of the freight business possessed by those to whom the control of these organizations was first intrusted, and their comprehension of the means required to achieve the objects of their creation, united to a disposition and ability to embark whatever capital was required to secure favorable results to this Company and themselves. In other hands it might have proved a failure.

The Board has deemed it important to say this much in explanation of their action upon a subject which has met with considerable animadversion from the captious, and to assure the shareholders that under its contract it has entire control of these organizations, and as long as their operations conduce to your interest they will be maintained; if otherwise, they will be abolished.

It will be gratifying to the shareholders to learn from a careful examination made of the statistics of the freighting business of the Company, that of the 3,196,359 tons of freight carried over the road during the past year only 158,364 tons of through freight has passed from points east of Philadelphia to and from Pittsburg and the West, and 61,562 tons to and from Baltimore, while 330,959 tons of through freight have been carried to and from Philadelphia and the West. The remainder, 2,635,274 tons, was local traffic of the State, between local stations and from them to and from Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Philadelphia, therefore, in addition to the large local traffic mentioned, enjoys above one hundred per cent. more of the through traffic transported over the line than New York, Providence, Boston, and all other points on the Atlantic sea coast combined east of Philadelphia.

Since your last annual meeting the Superintendent of Motive Power and Machinery, (J. P. Laird, Esq.) resigned his position, and the Board has appointed as his successor, R. E. Ricker, Esq., who for many years had been connected with the active management of western railways, and he will no doubt make a successful manager of the important department committed to his charge.

The acknowledgments of the Board are due to the officers of the Company generally, for the prompt and efficient manner in which the business of the line has been conducted during the past year.

By order of the Board,

J. EDGAR THOMSON, President.

Resolved, That for the purpose of consolidating the Bonded and other indebtedness of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and to raise funds to meet the annual demands upon the Treasury of the Company for new tracks, additional equipment, enlargement of depots, extensions of sidings, and to meet the legitimate demands of the traffic of the country drained by the road of said Company and its branches, for increased railroad accommodations, and also to preserve the proper relation between the share capital and debts of the Company, the following financial programme be and the same is hereby adopted:

First. That the Bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company secured by the First and Second Mortgages, and those due the Commonwealth issued for the purchase of the Main Line of Public Works, and other indebtedness, be paid out of the proceeds of, or be retired by, Bonds to be secured by a Consolidated Mortgage upon the whole or such portion of the line from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, with its equipment, and for such amount as the President and Board of Directors may determine, and the issue of the Bonds secured thereby shall at no time exceed the capital stock as the same may from time to time be increased.

Second. Dividends to be made semi-annually of *not exceeding* Four per cent. from the net profits of the Company, payable in cash, free of United States and State taxes, and that a stock dividend of Five per cent., based upon profits already earned, be declared at the regular dividend term in May next, and thereafter, in addition to the semi-annual cash dividend, a stock dividend of Five per cent. per annum be declared annually, if the net earnings of the Company will warrant the same.

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Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists. ja16-tf

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DR. B. C. PERRY,

Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 629 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; moles, worms and warts permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,	10.00 A.M. & 11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,	A.M. & 7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.30	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.35	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 3.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.30 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
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A HEAVY BEARD

In five weeks is warranted those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. It will not injure the skin and *never fails*. Sent, closely sealed, and post-paid, for 50 cents. W. C. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jan19-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

A HARVARD POEM.

The following is a favorite poem in Harvard College. Its moral is perhaps hardly logical, and the poet has indulged in considerable license, but it is a work of merit nevertheless:

There lived once a plantier,
With a son, his only love;
To whom, upon his birthday,
A bran new axe he guv.

The planter had a garding,
All filled with appel-trees,
Which for the city market
He was trying for to reeze.

The boy he takes the hatchiet,
Quite jolly and jocund;
And going to the appel-trees
He chops them to the grund.

The father called his serviants
And ranged them in a row;
"Who has chopped down my appel-trees
And killed them root and bow?"

The servants stand amazed,
All drawn up in a line;
Then comes a-running up to him
His young and youthful sine.

"I cannot tell a lie, pa-pa,"
The youthful boy began;
"'Twas I that chopped the appel-trees,
'Twas I, your little san."

Now who, then, was this fathler,
And who his filial kin?
It was the noble Bushrod,
And young G. Washingtin.

MORIAL.

Them whose takes a hatchiet
And appel-trees chops down,
If he lives long enough will be
A great and pious mown.

The Clerk's Baby.

We once had a clerk who got married. Now there is nothing funny in that. His wife had a baby—and that is where the funny part comes in. He was in the office yesterday, and wished us to publish, for the benefit of mourners and inquiring friends, the following biography. Says he: We have had so many kind friends asking about that baby, that we have thought it necessary to biograph the chap briefly, and somewhat after the current style of the day.

It's a boy.

He's a "buster."

Weighs nine pounds and a quarter, and wife tells us he will grow heavier as his weight increases.

He's the first baby of which we have ever been proprietor, and of course is the only baby in town.

The nurse says he is "the very image of his pa."

"A little copy of his faithful sire,
In face and gesture."

But in justice to the youth we must say we think him an improvement on the original—a world of progress, you know.

This Young America is as old as could be expected, considering the time he was born, and will doubtless be too old for his father in a few years, if he has good luck.

He is quite reticent on politics, and only wants to be let alone.

We think he favors Mrs. Winslow's policy.

We haven't named him yet. We want to give him a distinguished cognomen, but the fame of our great men is at present so precarious that we don't like the risk.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say, as all biographers do of distinguished personages, that "the subject of this sketch" was born at a very early age, "of poor but respectable parents."

"Skool Rools."

Not many miles from here a young lady of our city is teaching school. She sends us the following rules, provided by the Trustees for the government of the school:—

No swearin.
" fitin.
" quarrelin.
" nicknamin.
" goin intu the water.
" raslin and jumpin.
" goin into any persons vinepeaches or orchards without the consent of the owner.
" pinchin.
" stickin of pins into each other.
" pullin of hair durin hooks.
" courtin in skool.
" writin of love letters in skool.

Not more than one poopil must go out at a time, unless for wud and water.

No crackin of walnuts, unless dried.

" whisperin.—*Newbern Times.*

Cheap Enough.

A native of the Green Isle of Erin called at a chemist's shop with a prescription, the preparation of which he watched with considerable curiosity.

"What's that, any way?" finally asked the customer.

"This," said the obliging apothecary, "is a tincture cemicitaga racemosa, and liniment of saponis, cantharides and opii."

A look of bewilderment changed to one of grave concern, as the Irishman made the inquiry:

"And what is the price?"

"Sixpence," was the reply.

"Be jabers," said Pat, much relieved, "I though two such names as that would cost me at laste five shillings."

ORDERING ORDERS.—An individual was once brought before the Police Court in Cincinnati, charged with assault and battery. He frankly admitted that he had struck his antagonist, but said, in extenuation, that the man had called him a liar, "and," continued he, "may it please the court, I was born in Livingston, in the state of New York. There, when a man says you're a liar, you call him a liar back, and there's the end of it! But, your honor, I have lived for fifteen years on the Wabash, and there when a man calls you a liar, you knock him down at once. *I only obeyed my Wabash instructions.*" Fined one dollar and costs.

☞ "It takes nine tallows to make a man," but one is enough to ruin him.

PAPA.—"Now, my dear girl, your brother is receiving a most expensive education, and I think that while he is at home for the holidays you should try to learn something from him."

EMILY.—"So I do, pa. I've learnt that a boy who cries is a 'blub,' that a boy who works hard is a 'swot,' that anybody you don't like is a 'toad,' and I know the meaning of 'grub,' 'prog,' and a 'wax!'"

A Favorite Author.

We have in our community a family made rich by the war, and their sudden riches has caused them to be dubbed "Mushroom Aristocracy," an equivalent to your "Shoddy Aristocracy." Mrs. Mushroom is decidedly illiterate, and is fond of courting the favor of the "old families." At a gathering at her own house the other evening, a number of the literati being present, the conversation turned upon authors, when Mrs. M. remarked that "her favorite author is Tickner Field! She believes she has all his works in her library!" It was painful to see the efforts of the company to keep their faces straight. One of the ladies, more composed than the rest, ventured to change the subject by making inquiries of Mrs. M. concerning her son, who has gone North to college. "Oh! L—— is smart!" said she. "He has already entered the Refreshment Class!" She informed the company in the same breath that "L—— is also a musical progeny [prodigy;] he performed some beautiful ditties [duets] with his cousin Mary on the piano!" Just here a very awkward gentleman, becoming fidgety attempted to tip his chair back and fell to the floor, affording an excellent opportunity for the company to relieve themselves by a hearty laugh. In the course of the evening Mrs. M. also remarked that "if the war had continued another year Mr. M would have become a milliner [millionaire!]"

SCENE AT THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH OFFICE.—*Fond Wife*—(To telegraph operator)—Oh, sir! I want to send a kiss to my husband in Liverpool. How can I do it?

Obliging Operator—Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. You've got to give it to me, with ten dollars, and I'll transmit it right away.

Fond Wife—If that's the case, the directors ought to put much younger and handsomer men in your position.

(Operator's indignation is great.)

☞ We have heard of the witty reply of a slave who had stolen and eaten one of his master's turkeys, when he was accused of the crime. He repelled all idea of wrong, saying that "massa's property only changed form; he has less turkey, but more nigger."

☞ A widow lady sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires!"

☞ Question for etymologists.—Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PUBLIC POMOLOGICAL BENEFACTORS.

Our publisher looked surprised, incredulous—and there was reason for it—when we said in his hearing:—"We have here in Eastern Pennsylvania an intelligent, energetic, and educated pomologist, who during the past fourteen years has experimented faithfully and scientifically with every known variety of the grape, both foreign and native—not with a view of money-making, but *pro bono publico*—always ready to impart unpaid information, and divide generously of what he has that is good. And again, in the Empire state at Newburgh, lives a public pomological benefactor, who has given years of his life and many thousands of dollars in testing, and making sure of the best kinds of fruits, both native and foreign; like our Pennsylvania savant, never looking for dollars to come from out his liberal outlays of life and money, but zealously laboring for the greatest good of the whole country, resolving doubts, and developing truths that all our speculative fruit culturists, and foggy essays of pomological societies have failed to elicit."

"Is it the year of the promised Millennium?" inquired our publisher, incredulous still, till we produced testimony in the hand-writing of the pomological benefactors themselves in proof that we were not romancing.

Though these two gentlemen, both veterans in pomological science, and each in his speciality probably the best authority we have in the whole country, prefer to let their modesty cover their generosity, we know of no good reason why their light should quite burn out "under a bushel," and not having been forbidden, name them to the public—Chas. Downing, Esq., of Newburgh, N. Y., and J. B. Garber, Esq., of Columbia, Pa.

At the present time Mr. Downing has in his grounds between 1,500 and 1,800 varieties of apples, 1,000 varieties of pears, and all other fruits in proportion. A private letter recently received from Mr. Downing would greatly interest the public, but being prohibited from publishing it, we steal a single brief extract:

"As I have before said, I propagate nothing *for sale*. My object is private pleasure and public good."

Under date of January 12th, our Pennsylvania grape sovereign writes:

"The grape is my greatest hobby in my old days. During the past fifteen years I have collected and tested every known variety. Have had during that time over three hundred varieties by name, though many turned out old ones renamed. The greater number have been of no value, at least with me. So I have cut down and regrafted time and again the most worthless, digging out and throwing away a large number. I have at present probably 150 varieties; but many of these will have to share the fate of their fellows. Progression is the order of the day—even my petted vines are not exempt from the all-pervading influence."

What a pity that such men are so few in the land, and the very few that we have should grow old, and leave us.

CHEAP FEED FOR POOR PEOPLE.

Wouldn't it be well to have established at convenient points in all our large cities—especially during the cold, pinching winter weather, such cheap, model eating places as they have in Paris and London? They would pay the proprietors, and certainly be a blessing to their patrons. Let us take one of the poor people's dining saloons of London—say that in Cambridge street as a model institution.

A fine building of pressed bricks, with an ornamental front, arched entrance, and spacious corridor, lofty ceiling, sky lights, seats, with comfortable backs, and tables for the accommodation of 400 people. The hall is well warmed and ventilated, lighted with gas, and kept scrupulously clean. Breakfast and the morning papers are provided early enough to afford the mechanics and laborers ample time to eat and look over the news before going to work. The bill of fare and prices are as follows:

Cup of good tea or coffee, with milk and sugar 2d; cup of milk ½ penny; bread and butter 1d; bread and cheese 1d; slice of bread ½d; boiled egg 1d; slice of broiled bacon 2d; beer 1d. All these are of the best quality, and ready punctually at the time.

Dinner is served from 12 to ½ past two, when the following dishes may be had in addition to the breakfast bill:

Bowl of soup 1d.; plate of potatoes 1d; plate of hot roast beef 2d.; cold beef 2d.; hashed mutton 2d.; hashed beef 2d.; cold ham 2d.; plate of plum pudding 1d. Dinner before, or after regular hours, of soup, bread, meat, cold or hashed, potatoes and pudding 4½d., or about eight and a half cents of our money for a comfortable dinner, and enough for any man not absolutely a glutton.

In this country, at present prices, the charge would necessarily be a little higher, but one-third added would cover the cost and leave a margin for profits as large as those of the London establishments; and then what a blessing to our thousands of mechanics, shop and factory girls, to get a good warm dinner in a clean, comfortable room for about thirteen cents.

MANURE MAKING.

We have lately found out and made the acquaintance of an interior Pennsylvania farmer who wouldn't have his name "in the papers" for the best cow on his premises—and he has some famous horned stock—so we call him Farmer Fortune.

The old gentleman has no very large supply of school education, but a "heap" of good sound sense, and a good deal of money invested in 7-20's, the latter made more by the exercise of common sense and good economy, than by agricultural drudgery, proving that a farmer need not be a slave to his farm.

Mr. Fortune has a fashion of making manure that he has followed eighteen years, proving it the cheapest process and best manure a farmer can manufacture, though of course every farmer requires more than can be made in that manner. That part of Mr. Fortune's stable floor covering the passage behind the stalls is laid close, but not nailed down. Underneath is a sort of sub-cellar four feet deep, with a drain at one corner, that conveys all liquids to a covered out-door pit, the surface of which is below the bottom of the cellar stable.

Late in the fall, the pit within the stable is filled in full of forest leaves, loam, chaff of grain and saw dust—some years all together, and others only the leaves and chaff. Then the floor is laid down, the cattle housed; and all through the winter there is the material underneath, sucking in like a sponge—absorbing all the volatile, and much of the liquid manurial elements, while the excess of the latter runs off by the drain into the lower reservoir. This is pumped out by times towards spring, and the compost heap under cover, made up of all the odds and ends that can be laid hold of about the house, garden and farm, fit for nothing else, is saturated and made richer with it.

When the weather gets mild enough to turn the stock out doors, the stable floors are taken up, and the manurial mine, as rich as any manure can be, is worked out clean, its contents going to make rich the fields. Here is the very essence of all the animal manure made during the winter, put up in a compact, concentrated form. When we scolded Mr. Fortune for not having hallooed his manure making to the public ten years ago, the old innocent replied meekly:

"Why, Mr. Cosmo, I thought everybody had sense enough to make manure that way."

GATHERED GRAINS.

——Four hundred adventurers pretending to be farmers, who went out to Brazil lately expecting to have half the empire, a house and herd of cattle given them free gratis, are coming back disgusted. So are the Brazilians—the latter. That's not the sort of people to go to Brazil.

——Georgia has got seventy-two factories going, or going to go soon—two calico mills among them. Go on, Georgia.

——Cucumbers, corn, green peas, and spring chickens away up the St. John's in Florida. A little more Florida this way would be comfortable.

——We had a hand-shake with Col. Egbert the other day, so lately from the Rio Grande, that he was still pookmarked with mosquito bites. Great country ours—Arctic and skaters on one side, and tropics and "skeeters" on the other.

——So many potatoes housed, "holed out" and held over everywhere, that before planting time we shall have potatoes at fifty cents per bushel.

——Some farmers this way are beginning to learn that field peas are a crop that pay better than corn, and make pork faster.

RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE ORANGE MARMALADE.—Take 18 large Seville oranges, pare them and save their juice, and after paring them very thin and cutting them in halves, set the juice in a cool place, put the half oranges in water for one night, then boil them very tender till all the bitterness is out, then dry them well between two napkins. Pick out all the seeds and stringe as nicely as you can, pound them fine, and to every pound of pulp take a pound of loaf sugar; when this is ready take the juice of six lemons, the juice of the oranges, strain it and take its full weight of loaf sugar, all which pour into the pulp and sugar, boil the whole pretty well till it will jelly—then put in glasses and cover them from the air; the peel should be boiled in three waters, and cut up into straws and put into the jelly while it is boiling.

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, half a teacup of ginger, butter size of an egg, flour enough to make it roll very thin. Cut the cakes with a tin ring and bake quick.

GAME PIE.—Take out the bones from the partridges, pheasants, and other game you wish to use, cut up the flesh, and mince it. Now mix with chopped liver, and place underneath the raised cover, and bake; remove the cover when cold; make a strong, well-spiced jelly from the bones, and after it has become cold mix it amongst the meat.

COLORING SUGAR.—Pour some beet-root juice, or some of the cochineal coloring mixture over the pounded sugar, until you get it the tint that you wish, mix well together, spread it out before the fire to dry, and then sift it.

CEMENT FOR STOVES.—When a crack is discovered in a stove, through which the fire or smoke penetrates, the aperture may be effectually and readily closed with a composition consisting of wood-ashes and common salt, made into a paste with water. Plaster this over the crack.

TO PREVENT LAMP GLASSES BREAKING.—To prevent lamp-glasses breaking by the sudden contact with heat, the best way is to cut or scratch the base of the glass with a glazier's diamond. Another method is to put the glasses into a saucepan of water and boil them. This seasons them.

TO REMOVE INK OR STAINS FROM TABLES, ETC.—Apply to the stain a feather moistened with muriatic acid; do not suffer it to remain long, or a mark will be left; rub it briskly with a piece of soft rag, and, when the stain is removed, drop a little sweet-oil on the part and give it a polish.

Small Beginnings.

It is related of a Persian king, that being at a hunting seat, he was about to have some game dressed, and as there was no salt, a servant was sent to a neighboring village, when the monarch ordered him to pay the price of the salt, that the exaction might not become a custom and the village desolated. He was asked,—"From this trifle what injury can ensue?" and replied: "Oppression was brought into the world from small beginnings, which every new comer has increased, until it has reached the present degree of enormity. If the monarch were to eat a single apple from the garden of a peasant, the servants would pull up the tree by the roots, and if the sultan orders five eggs to be taken by force, his soldiers will spit a thousand fowls. The iniquitous tyrant remaineth not, but the curses of mankind rest on him forever."

THE WAY TO WRITE HISTORY.—M. Taine says, in a recent article: "A great historian said to me one day,—'When I write a history, I prepare, in the first place, a table of all the events, the great as well as the small, with the verified dates—the dates not only of the years, but of the months and days; this is the longest and most minute part of my labor. Then I efface from my mind all current and preconceived opinions; I consider my dated facts; I see their connection; I feel the progress of events, and I write my book like a novel.'"

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 25, 26, 10, 28, is a kind of hammer.
My 17, 5, 6, is a fish.
My 8, 7, 16, is a perch or pole.
My 1, 2, 24, 4, 18, is a writer for the Post.
My 10, 11, 13, is a fruit.
My 14, 15, 21, is a woman's name.
My 13, 20, 22, is a part of the foot.
My 1, 26, 23, 27, is to invoke.
My 3, 9, 24, 24, is a dish of food.
My 8, 11, 21, is a small stream.
My 21, 22, 27, 19, is a girl's nickname.
My whole are the names of two dwarfs.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, JR.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The title of one of Southey's poems.
A king of Tyre.
A high priest of Israel.
A mountain near Jerusalem.
A chain of mountains in Europe.
One of Shakspeare's plays.
One of Byron's poems.
A city in Egypt.
One of the United States.
A prophet in Israel.
A city whose origin is unknown.
One of the grand divisions of the earth.
One of the planets.
A celebrated giant.
One of Longfellow's poems.
An ancient Egyptian city.
A queen of England.
A river in South America.

The initials form the name of a story published in "The Saturday Evening Post."

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A body falls from space. At the moment it begins its descent another is projected vertically at the rate of 100 feet per second. The two bodies meet in three seconds. From what height did the first body begin its descent?

W. F. L. SANDERS.

Tobinsport, Indiana.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wishing to know the area of a field, whose north and south sides ran directly east and west and were of equal length, with a difference of latitude of 30 yards, and whose western side was an arc of a circle 300 yards in diameter, and the eastern side an arc of one 200 yards in diameter, the centres lying toward the west, I measured from the southwestern corner due east 60 yards to a spring, thence in the direction of the northeastern corner 60 yards to a tree, and then found that my distance from the southwestern corner was also 60 yards. Required—the area of the field.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A grindstone weighs 81 pounds, and is 20 inches in diameter. If a little boy is just able to raise the edge of the grindstone 3 inches, while the opposite part of the edge is on a smooth surface, how many pounds does the little boy lift?

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a host like a heap of snow? Ans.—When it is a drift.

☞ Why is an orange like a chime of bells? Ans.—Because we have a peel from it.

☞ Why are schoolmaster and pupil like a dog and cat? Ans.—Because one is the canin' species, and the other is the feelin'.

☞ When may a gambler be called a "power behind the throne?" Ans.—When he plays the deuce and throws a king on the floor.

☞ Why are suicides the most successful people in the world? Ans.—Because they always accomplish their own ends.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—M. J. B. Brooks, Sinnemahoning, Pa. DOUBLE REBUS—Delaware and Arkansas. (Delta, ear, link, Eva, wren, Andes, Rosa, Elves.) RIDDLE—Sparta.

Answer to Francis M. Priest's PROBLEM of Dec. 1st—196 yards at £2 and 6 shillings per yard. Francis M. Priest.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, Dec. 8th—5 boys in the lesser company, and 8 in the larger. W. H. Morrow, Edward Brown. 13 boys. Artemas Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Dec. 8th—A put in $320, B put in $400, C put in $440, D put in $520, E put in $560. A gained $240, B gained $300, C gained $330, D gained $390, E gained $420. A. Martin.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM, same date—56 inches. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, Dec. 15th—The person will travel 8,264 feet while winding the rope on the tower, and he will describe the "*Involute of a circle.*" A. Martin.

☞ It is said that, last autumn, the Comtesse de C——, a fair and celebrated gambler, on being presented to the Pope, received from his Holiness a sharp reprimand on the subject of gambling. She solemnly promised Pius IX. that she would never again sit at a gaming table, and kept her word, till a few nights ago, when, on being seen deeply engaged in *écarté*, she was reminded of the pledge she had taken at the Vatican. "I have not broken my word," replied the fair countess, "do you not perceive that I am standing?"